

NO. 6015

PUNCH DECEMBER 14 1955

MAX CECILIA

PUNCH 1/-



Sprod

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



A Christmas Symbol

THE KISSING BOUGH, a crown or globe of evergreen, decked with ribbons and apples and carrying the family gifts, is one of this country's oldest traditional symbols of peace and goodwill at Christmas time.

PLAYERS
Navy Cut Cigarettes and Tobacco

[NCC.941A]

Give a gay gift—
give Sharps



"something
extra
for a
wonderful
wife"

You've given the gift her heart was set on.
Now sweeten the moment
with that little extra something—it makes
all the difference. Show how you appreciate her—
give one of Sharp's gay gift tins.
After all, isn't she extra special . . . ?

Sharps

toffees for
Christmas



EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD. OF MAIDSTONE, KENT "The Toffee Specialists"

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD.



Between friends



Here's wishing you
a Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year says

Johnnie
Walker

Born 1820—
still going strong

Maximum price as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association



RELAX



Hi Fi BLACK BOX

When your day has been one of decisions and you are much, much too tired to change . . . when your only thought is to sink into the arms of a favourite chair . . . this is the time that the Black Box really comes into its own. How else could you listen to a Beethoven symphony in all its concert-hall splendour, dressed as you are in an ordinary lounge suit, and with soft, comfortable slippers on your feet?

The Black Box High Fidelity Record Player is the finest instrument of its kind ever produced. It will play all speeds of records and reproduce them with all the atmosphere and beauty of an original performance. To hear it is a thrilling musical experience that no music-lover should miss.

Traditional Model
41 gns. (tax paid)
De Luxe Model
66 gns. (tax paid)

Write today to Pye Ltd., Box 49, Cambridge, for a full colour leaflet on the BLACK BOX.

P Y E L I M I T E D O F C A M B R I D G E

THE NEW Calendairy (Regd)



- Combines calendar, diary and desk pad
- Lower portion of pages for daily notes, tear off to show next date
- Upper portion retained for permanent notes
- Leaf size 4 x 6½
- Finely bound in Antique finish leather, Morocco, Luxan Hide or Pigskin.
- Ideal as an individual gift or to match Leathersmith desk sets. Gift gift boxed.
- Prices from 21/- to 31/6 according to binding.
- At all stores and stationers.

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T. J. & J. SMITH LTD., 12 HANOVER SQ., LONDON, W.I. LEG 1144 (3 lines)
Craftsmen in fine leathers for over 100 years

JEREZ CREAM Choicest Old Oloroso SHERRY



Rich and Luscious with the outstanding quality and flavour that only AGE, EXPERT SELECTION AND BLENDING in JEREZ (Spain) can produce

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JEREZ · SPAIN



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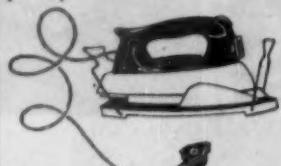
What a toy department! Big, glittering, gay—and the toys are better than ever before. For instance:



UNBREAKABLE
Beautiful Vinyl (soft plastics) doll—clothes, shoes and even head and limbs remove for washing. 26/9, post 1/5



FUZZ—
the TV character.
Squeeze him and his eyes roll, 'squeaker' arms fly out. 13/11, post 1/-



SAXOPHONE
a real dazzler: brilliant golden plastics. Plays (melodiously). 28/3, post 1/9



KATY KACKLER

Very strong wooden pull-along toy. Goes Squawk-cluck-cluck-cluck. 33/3, post 1/5



BUS
Keyless push drive, very realistic. Double-decker. 7½" long. 10/9, post 1/3

OR HOW ABOUT

a conductor's ticket machine—prints the fare in ink on ticket rolls. 11/3, post 1/5. The new wonderful Startex miniature cars. Pull self-starter to wind spring. 7/3, post 1/-. Battery-run model cars—Standard 10, Morris Minor, each 40/9, post 1/5, batteries 1/6 extra. Andy Pandy glove puppet. 14/4, post 6d. Lambswool teddy bear—music box in its tummy—70/6, post 1/5. Toy soldiers—almost certainly the biggest display in London. Both lead and unbreakable plastics. Everything else from tiddlywinks to tepees

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Army & Navy Stores

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE

VICTORIA STREET SW1 · VICTORIA 1234 DAY AND NIGHT
5 minutes' walk from Victoria Station



Men who guide the destinies of the world wear Rolex watches

THERE IS a small group of men whose names will live on. Their faces and voices are overwhelmingly familiar. In the newspapers, on television, on the radio, the impact of their personalities is inescapable. So is the impact of their words and actions on our lives.

It would not be fitting to mention their names, for they include royalty, the heads of states, great service chiefs and statesmen. But next time you see them or their pictures, look at something you might normally overlook—the watch on their wrists. That watch will most likely have been made by Rolex of Geneva.

We are proud that Rolex watches serve so many eminent men. Accustomed though they are to the very best, they often express amazement at the accuracy and dependability of Rolex. We are pleased that they soon take it for granted.

Every Rolex Oyster Perpetual Datejust is a chronometer. This means that it has been submitted to a Swiss Government Testing Station to undergo strict accuracy tests, and has been awarded an Official Timing Certificate. And every Datejust gains the coveted distinction "Especially good results." The watch is powered by the new Rolex Perpetual "rotor" self-winding mechanism that keeps the tension on the mainspring constant, making for constant accuracy. The date is shown on the dial, changing automatically each night at midnight, and magnified by a "Cyclops" lens for easy reading. The mechanism is protected, permanently, from all harmful elements by the famous 100% waterproof Rolex Oyster case.



Thirty-five years of watchmaking progress are contained in the Rolex Oyster Perpetual. In 1910 Rolex produced their first Officially Certified Chronometer. Now they have produced 250,000 chronometers—three times as many as the rest of the Swiss watch industry. The first truly waterproof case in the world, the famous Oyster, was invented by Rolex in 1926. And in 1931 Rolex invented the first "rotor" self-winding mechanism. A new refinement of this Perpetual "rotor" powers the Oyster Perpetual, silently and automatically, actuated by every slightest movement of the wrist.

- A ROLEX
- RED SEAL
- CHRONOMETER



ROLEX

*A landmark in the
history of
Time measurement*



- A ROLEX
- RED SEAL
- CHRONOMETER



**WIVES! MOTHERS!
SWEETHEARTS! SISTERS!**

Give your man a

PAL
INJECTO-MATIC razor

— the modern razor he wants now !

FATHER CHRISTMAS himself would tell you — every man (*yours too!*) wants a better way of shaving. He wants easier, quicker, smoother shaves. Now he can have them by courtesy of YOU ! Give him a PAL Injecto-matic — the world's most modern safety razor. Remember, he'll use it, and thank you for it, every day of his life ! Yes, the new PAL razor carries a lifetime guarantee of free service or replacement should it ever get damaged !

The PAL Injecto-matic gives:

split-second blade change
quicker, smoother shaves
and needs no drying

Buy this modern PAL razor at any
Woolworths, Timothy Whites &
Taylors, Boots or British Home
Stores — in fact everywhere !

8'9

In handset travel case, with 10 blades.
De luxe set is also available at 12/9

Refill magazines of
12 PAL Injector blades, 2/10
20 PAL Injector blades, 4/7



John Cotton
fine smoking tobacco-
packed with pleasure
for Christmas

For the man who enjoys his pipe there can be no greater promise of certainty of enjoyment than comes with the gift of John Cotton's smoking tobaccos, with an unchanging reputation for quality since 1770.

Two ounces of John Cotton Nos. 1 and 2 Medium Mixture, cheerfully packed for Christmas—9/11d.

JOHN COTTON OF EDINBURGH

SCOTCH WHISKY
*is the ideal drink
for all occasions*



By Appointment
To Her Majesty
Queen Elizabeth II
Scotch Whisky
Distillers



*Quality
Sells'*



The happiest ending

Sip Grand Marnier with your after-dinner coffee and know the magic of France's finest liqueur. Made exclusively with Cognac brandy, Grand Marnier is the proud choice of those who know the rules of civilised living.

TO CLEVER HOSTESSES: Flavour cakes suet with Grand Marnier.



Grand Marnier

FRANCE'S FINEST LIQUEUR — MADE EXCLUSIVELY WITH COGNAC BRANDY
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

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Her day. His gift,
a Jaeger-LeCoultre—
most coveted of all
Swiss Watches.

Personal, for her to
cherish . . . elegant for
the world to admire
. . . a wrist-watch by

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Write for illustrated brochure to Jaeger-LeCoultre

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...of consummate perfection

Barrie Scottish knitwear is the concern of the Bordermen of Hawick whose sole criterion is consummate perfection. Haste and speed enter not into the scheme of things, for here the loveliest of cashmeres and lambs-wools are conjured into garments of lasting beauty. Soft as swansdown and a summer's cloud, infused with tints of nature's gentle palette, these contemporary classics are born only of skill and time-won knowledge.

Barrie
Regd.
KNITWEAR

BARRIE & KERSEY LTD • HAWICK • SCOTLAND



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL



Take a Flagon of Sunshine

All the goodness of rich, energy-giving Australian sunshine is concentrated in each flagon of TINTARA. It's a full-bodied burgundy that doctors recommend. They know from past experience the good TINTARA can do if you are suffering from loss of vitality or are recovering from an illness.

Why not try drinking a glass or two every day? It will soon help to make you feel well again.

Order some TINTARA today from your wine merchant or grocer. It costs a little more — but you'll find it's worth it.

13/- a flagon (a bottle and a half) 6/- a half-flagon
(6d. deposit on flagons or half-flagons)

BURGOYNE'S TINTARA

Recommended by the Medical Profession
for well over three-quarters of a century.



Beauty takes a bow...



Another masterpiece in pottery!
The new "Dover" flower jug, which is available in Sylvan Green, Pink, or Blue Lustre, flecked with glittering gold, will give that lively touch of colour to your home.

ROYAL BRADWELL WARE



If unable to obtain please write to—
ARTHUR WOOD & SON (Longport) LTD.
Bradwell Works, Longport, Stoke-on-Trent.

SLEEP

"...full of sweet dreams
and health
and quiet breathing"



Nowhere in the wide, wide world can you find blankets to match the winter-snug, summer-light comfort of LAN-AIR-CEL. Woven to a feather-down lightness from the purest of Scotch spun wool, LAN-AIR-CEL, the original cellular blankets are easy to wash, quick to dry and so reasonable in price. Ask any good store. Insist on seeing the LAN-AIR-CEL label. In cream or delicate pastel shades.

Bed sizes from 67/6d. Pram and Cot sizes from 15/6d.



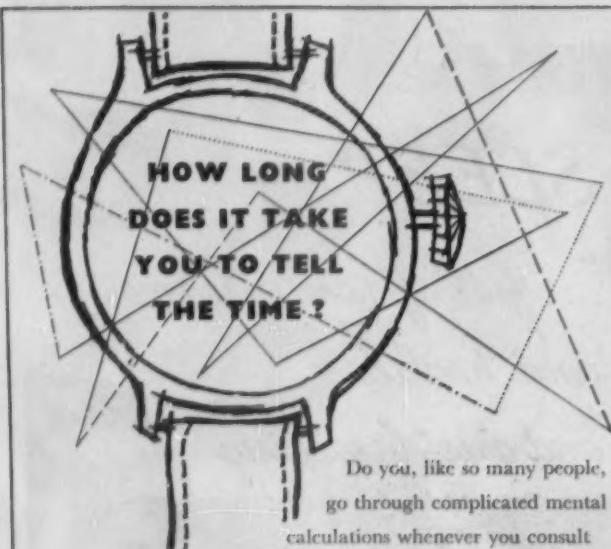
By appointment
To HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
Manufacturers of Lan-Air-Cel Blankets.
McCallum & Craigie Ltd.

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The original Cellular Blankets
* Guaranteed for 10 years *

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LONDON OFFICE: ROXBURGH HOUSE, 287, REGENT STREET, W.1



Do you, like so many people, go through complicated mental calculations whenever you consult your wrist-watch? For instance—'Now, I put it right Sunday, and today's Tuesday, so if I add 14 minutes and subtract 3 . . . !' By the time you've told the time, it's later than it was!

Much, much better to invest in a Roamer. The world-famous jewelled lever, every single part of which is produced and assembled in one of Switzerland's most modern factories, will always keep you right on time. And that elegant Roamer styling will look so right on your wrist.

Isn't it time you bought a

ROAMER

...precisely yours



372GW A handsome Gold-filled gentleman's watch with a water-proof, shock-protected 17-jewelled Swiss lever movement. Stainless steel back. Fine leather strap. £14.17.5s. Others from £8.

346/ORG An elegant 9 carat gold ladies watch fitted with the renowned 17-jewelled Swiss lever movement. Bracelet of Gold. Presented in a charming Gift case. £42. Others from £10.



OUR CARE — YOUR CONFIDENCE



NOT only on Christmas day but *every morning* Goblin Teasmade speaks eloquently of the kind thought of the giver. Every morning while you still sleep Goblin Teasmade boils the water, makes the tea, lights the room and then calls you on time, to enjoy freshly made tea while still cosy in bed. Also it has an electric clock. Use it too for coffee, T.V. intervals etc.

'De Luxe' Model (illus.) £14.3.0, plus P.T. (crockery excluded)



'POPULAR' MODEL
A modified design without tray or teapot but giving the same service £7.19.6, plus P.T. (Shade extra)

GOBLIN Teasmade



FROM ANY ELECTRICAL STORE OR WRITE (DEPT. P.U.)
GOBLIN WORKS, LEATHERHEAD, SURREY

There is only one

LILLET

Le Meilleur APERITIF de la France

LILLET
SERVE VERY COLD
APERITIF BLANC DE LA FRANCE
LE MEILLEUR DES APERITIFS
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
NOT LESS THAN 31% PROOF

Now available in half bottles



Christmas isn't Christmas...

. . . without parcels wrapped in brown paper and mystery. And crackers for the children. And cream running down every slice of Christmas pudding. And cream-capped, gold-and-crimson fruit salad . . . So wise mothers hide away some extra Nestlé's Cream: real cream for a real Christmas.



Real cream. Very special

GIVE THE BEST FOR CHRISTMAS - STATE EXPRESS 555



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS
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ENGLISH PEWTER TANKARDS

Made in Sheffield in hammered finish, with the traditional glass base, and containing an airtight tin of 50 State Express 555 cigarettes.

½ pt. Tankard	27/6
1 pt. Tankard	37/6

Christmas Gifts and State Express—to many they are synonymous. Over the years Christmas gift packings of State Express cigarettes have been relied on to solve the problems of presents for friends and family. Within this season's range there is an appropriate choice for every purpose.



GREETINGS PACKINGS OF STATE EXPRESS 555

In colourful outers with a picturesque illustration of seasonable character.

50 State Express 555 cigarettes 10/-
100 State Express 555 cigarettes 20/-



PRESENTATION CABINET

Styled in the traditional State Express 555 manner, this Cabinet in Primrose and Gold contains

150 State Express 555 cigarettes 30/-

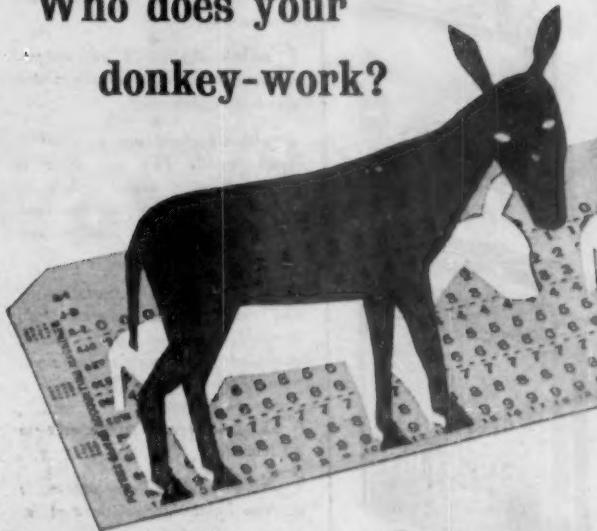
STATE EXPRESS 555

The House of STATE EXPRESS, 210 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.I.

*The Best
Cigarettes in
the World*



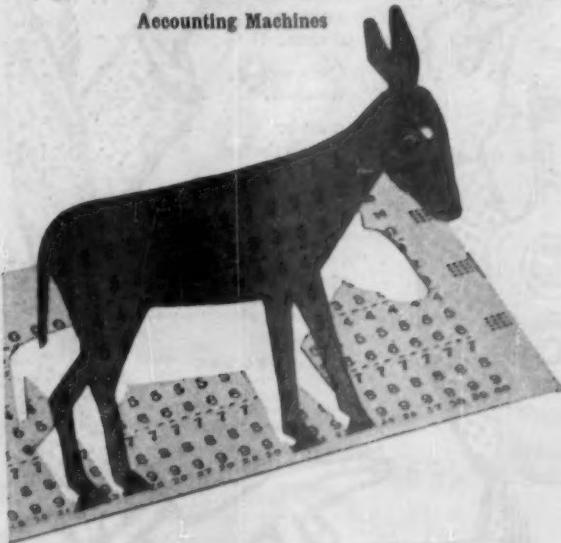
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Big firms and small, throughout the world, have the hard work of accounting done for them by Powers-Samas machines. Mechanical, electric or electronic, Powers-Samas equipment brings accounting methods really up-to-date. No more donkey-work with Powers-Samas around : it's the finest punched-card equipment in the world, and all over the world it's saving time, money and headaches.

POWERS-SAMAS

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FERGUSON 374RG
RADIOGRAM WITH VHF/FM

6-valve 4-waveband superhet, 3-speed autochange radiogram for 7", 10" and 12" records, standard and long playing. Superb walnut-finished cabinet.

58 GNS. tax paid

...fine sets these **FERGUSON'S**

	Send me full details of Model 374RG	NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
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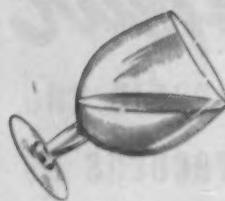
TO THORN ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES LTD., 238 SHAPTBURY AVE., LONDON, W.C.1



Everybody looks up to
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY



What I like about CINZANO BIANCO...



...is that it's delicious as a straight drink...or



as a long drink, with soda ...and such a



grand mixer! Just the thing for Christmas...

With its fresh and fascinating flavour — smoothly sweet, yet subtly aromatic — CINZANO BIANCO is a delightful addition to your Christmas pleasure. A delicious 'straight' drink (serve well chilled) — a long drink with a difference (top up with soda water) — and an intriguing new cocktail ingredient — all from the same big, inexpensive bottle! You'll enjoy CINZANO BIANCO : it's the perfect drink at any time.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR VERMOUTH?

Vermouth, being based on the juice of the grape, is a wine — but wine of a very special kind. It owes its character to the addition of extracts and infusions obtained from many fragrant herbs. Its quality, however, depends on the skill and care with which these ingredients are selected, prepared and blended. The House of Cinzano has devoted nearly a century-and-a-half to the perfecting of its Vermouths, with the result that they are now world-renowned. CINZANO BIANCO and CINZANO RED are produced in Italy. Since French grapes make the best dry Vermouth, CINZANO DRY is produced in France. Cinzano is the only producer exporting Sweet Vermouth from Italy and Dry Vermouth from France. So to make sure of enjoying Vermouth at its finest, just say CINZANO — BIANCO, or RED, or DRY.

Prices for CINZANO Cocktail Recipes — Ask your Dealer for details, and also for the new CINZANO RECIPE LEAFLET — or write to the address below.

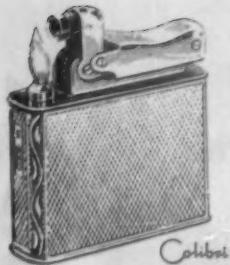
*Christmas
CINZANO BIANCO The Perfect Drink at Any Time*

17/- large-size bottle; half-size bottle 9/- CINZANO RED ITALIAN VERMOUTH (Sweet) 17/- half-bottle 9/-; CINZANO DRY FRENCH VERMOUTH 10/- half-bottle 9/-.

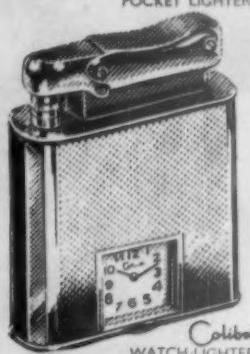
CINZANO

Sole Importers for U.K. and N. Ireland:

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Colibri
POCKET LIGHTER



Colibri
WATCH-LIGHTER

Colibri MONOPOL is a precision made lighter, with a Patented fully automatic action.

Colibri MONOPOL was designed to meet the demand for a really reliable automatic lighter.

Colibri Lighters are produced as Table models (for the home or office); as pocket models and in combinations:—Lighter/Cigarette Case, Watch/Lighter (Swiss jewelled lever movement).

Colibri Lighters are available gold and sterling silver mounted (Hall Marked), gold or silver-plated, enamelled and in other exclusive fine finishes from £2.4 to 32/- with a written guarantee.

Colibri sales and service exist in 70 countries!

Colibri products are obtainable wherever lighters are sold with pride.

See the special Christmas displays at Harrods, Selfridges, Army and Navy Stores, Wm. Whiteley's and leading stockists everywhere.

Colibri MONOPOL

In a class beyond compare!

COLIBRI LIGHTERS LTD., 69/70 WARREN STREET, LONDON, W.I.



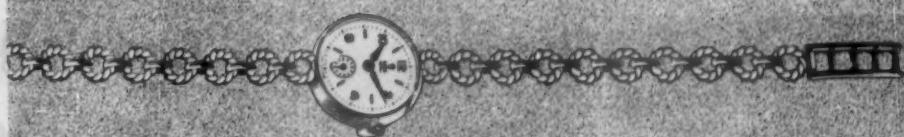
Choose from the
finest range of
watches in Britain



P54 A beautiful 9-carat gold watch with 17-jewel Rolex precision movement. It has golden raised dial figures and black suede cords. Price £46.



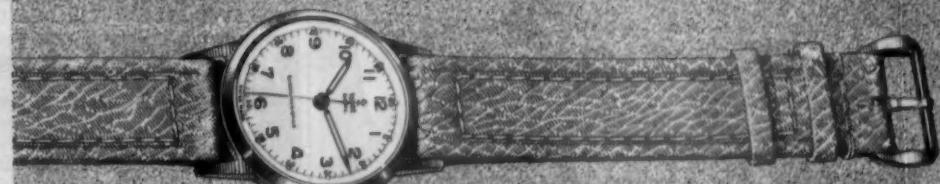
P7a This watch, slightly larger, in 9-carat gold, has a precision movement and a heavy linked bracelet engraved with a gleaming sun-ray design. Price £76.15.



P42 This elegant daisy-chain bracelet watch is exclusive to Tudor. In 9-carat gold, it is priced at £31.5.

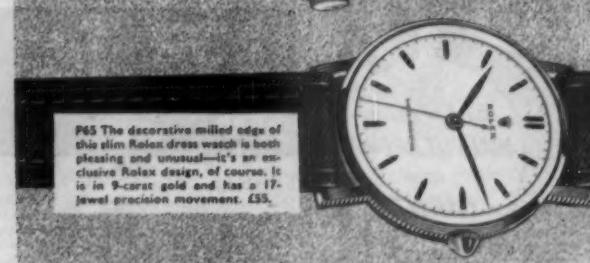


P36 This little watch is right for either day or evening wear. 9-carat gold case, 17-jewel movement. £26.8. Other Tudor models, in chrome and stainless steel cases, start from £12.7.6.



P48 A Tudor watch in traditional elegant style, with 17-jewel movement and centre seconds hand. 9-carat gold case, £31.15. Stainless steel case, £16.

Ask your jeweller to show you the Tudor Prince dress watch. It has a slim 9-carat gold case, a 17-jewel movement self-wound by the "rotor" mechanism—Invented by Rolex nearly 30 years ago. The price is £56.



P65 The decorative milled edge of this slim Rolex dress watch is both pleasing and unusual—it's an exclusive Rolex design, of course. It is in 9-carat gold and has a 17-jewel precision movement. £35.


ROLEX
*A landmark in the history of
Time measurement*





One of the four extra long Panel Radiators used to heat the galleries of the assembly hall at Kidbrooke Secondary School shown above and below two of the Gulf Panels used as convectors on the main floor.

THE NURSEAL GROUP OF HEATING COMPANIES
NURSEAL LTD., GULF RADIATORS LTD., SEALDRAUGHT LTD.
also produce: Oil-filled Radiators for Electric, Gas and Paraffin Operation, Domestic Boilers, Electric Warm Air Heaters, Electric Bed Sheets, Gas and Electric Towel Rails, Cylinder Jackets and Insulation Materials, "Hurdapta" Freestanding Convector Open Fire with Restricted Throat, Weatherstripping and Draughtproofing.

IDEAL FOR INTERMITTENT HEATING

Gulf Radiators cost less, are easier to handle, ideal for wall fixing and more economical to fit. They are frost proof and more responsive to thermostatic control. Gulf Radiators are available in a wide range of Column and Wall Panel types, in any length and in curved and angled form. Gulf specialise in producing radiators for unusual and exacting requirements. Gulf are installed throughout the country and in the largest building built since the war. Write for a catalogue or a representative to call.

GULF Long-life — Light-weight
HOT WATER RADIATORS

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The Glucose Confectioners
PIONEERS OF
Quality
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SPAIN'S BEST
for the festive
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and of course -
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and
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advantages of
Gulf long-life
light-weight hot
water radiators

For DOMESTIC
INSTITUTIONAL &
INDUSTRIAL HEAT
WITH FULL EFFICIENCY
& MAXIMUM ECONOMY

Curry!
and
don't
forget the
"green label"
chutney
SLICED MANGO

OUTCLASSES ALL SWEET PICKLES!

P. Venkatachellum's
GENUINE MADRAS
CURRY POWDER
Peacock Brand
FROM ALL GOOD GROCERS AND STORES



The Treasured Gift
Sophos CRESTED CUFF LINKS
Highly polished and heavily Gold Cased, with
Crest and Colours of any Club, School, O.B.
Association, Regiment, etc., faithfully reproduced
in exact detail in coloured enamels.
Any one of over 800 designs in
production . . . 50/- Obtainable
from all leading Men's Wear
shops, and some Jewellers.
A product of Lambournes (B'ham) Ltd.

Here's the perfect gift for HIM!

PALMOLIVE

Rapid-Shave

OUT-SHAVES

ANY LATHER OR BRUSHLESS CREAM!



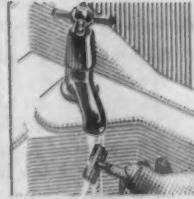
QUICKER!

Rich, creamy lather without any brushing . . . Rapid-Shave halves shaving time, saves that early morning rush!



SMOOTHER!

Off come the bristles like magic . . . never a scrape or pull! And he'll look really well-groomed all day long!



CLEANER!

No messy brush, no greasy cream . . . and Rapid-Shave rinses off instantly, never sticks round the basin!

HE'LL LOVE RAPID-SHAVE!

Give him Rapid-Shave and you're sure to please him . . . for there's three months' super shaving in every can! Rapid-Shave is concentrated . . . multiplies itself nearly ten times in lather, to give the quickest, smoothest shaving of all! Buy him Palmolive Rapid-Shave in the bright Christmas carton—6/9d.



OUT-SHAVES ANY SHAVING PRODUCT EVER MADE!

Christmas is more fun with **WINE**!



MORE FUN for host and hostess—and for guests, too. Wine makes a magical success of every party. And it's so inexpensive!

With a meal—especially Christmas dinner—wine sets the scene for the truest enjoyment of good food and good company. And when friends just drop in, what warmer welcome than a glass of wine?

Christmas is a lot more fun with wine. And it can make the rest of the year more like Christmas!

NO MYSTERY

It's easy to get wine you'll enjoy—just ask your wine merchant. Here are just a few hints:

Table wines can be quite inexpensive and a bottle easily serves four people. With fish and white meat, white wine, served cold. With roasts, grills and game, red wine, at room temperature. Champagne goes with everything.

Sherry is the perfect appetizer, generally drunk before meals. But it's delicious at any time for infor-

mal or formal entertaining. A wide choice—very dry to rich brown.

Port—vintage, tawny or ruby—is a wonderful drink to round off a good meal: perfect for toasts. Like sherry, it keeps after opening, so you can always offer your friends a glass.

For "A Short Guide to Wine," ask your wine merchant, or The Friends of Wine, Dept. 78, 1 Vintners' Place, Upper Thames St., London, E.C.4 (City 5377).

Wine costs so little—adds so much!

*Are you a
Keen Golfer?*

Then you must surely practice your game?

the **Fordham**

PATENTED

"PICKERUPPER"

retrieves 20 PRACTICE balls with an easy walking-stick action

AND

YOU CAN SEE
HOW MANY
YOU'VE LOST!!
(It's transparent.)

22/6 incl.
from Sports
Dealers or
Golf
Professionals.



— THIS-A-WAY

not

THAT-A-WAY!!—



FORDHAM PRESSINGS LIMITED, WOLVERHAMPTON



ALLIED BAKERIES LIMITED CONTINUED EXPANSION OF INTERESTS

The 20th Annual General Meeting of Allied Bakeries Limited was held on November 24 at the May Fair Hotel, London.

Mr. W. Garfield Weston, the Chairman, presided and, in the course of his speech, said:

I am very pleased to present to you our report on another year of successful trading and continued expansion of our interests.

Our successful development is not restricted to Great Britain. In Australia our Bakery interests are being steadily extended and we have most encouraging news of our biscuit activities. Current reports are most satisfactory and fully up to our expectations. In South Africa, too, we have every reason to be satisfied with the progress which is being made.

We had, in the first half of the financial year, acquired a number of new Subsidiaries and further opportunities arose for substantial investments in Aerated Bread Company Limited and other Companies. In the first place, these acquisitions were financed by bank overdrafts but in August of this year we issued £5,000,000 of 5% Unsecured Loan Stock at a price of 97½%, which, under the conditions prevailing at the time, can be regarded as favourable.

HIGHER EARNINGS

Total Revenue at £6,332,000 shows an increase of £647,000 over last year's figure. After all charges, we are left with a Net Profit of £4,884,000. Our total provision for Taxation is £132,000 lower at £2,474,000 and the balance of profit remaining is £2,410,000, which is an increase of £493,000.

You will note that the Fixed Assets total of £11,595,000 is higher, by £1,890,000 than last year. This is after providing the very large sum of £1,375,000 for depreciation during the year, so that the gross additions total some £3,265,000. The balance of Goodwill at £300,000 represents a decrease of £200,000 since last year. The aggregate cost of Goodwill at £4,655,000 is lower by £25,000 than a year ago; in other words, in return for the very large sums which we have spent on new acquisitions during the year, we have obtained net Assets valued at slightly more than the purchase prices.

The item "Interests in Subsidiary Companies not Consolidated" at £4,844,000, includes our acquisition of Aerated Bread Company Limited which will represent in due course a very valuable addition to our Group of Companies.

STRONG RESERVES

Revenue Reserves and Surplus have been increased from £3,878,000 to £4,707,000. This figure represents the balance of undistributed profits after adequate depreciation on our fixed assets and the appropriation of large sums to Depreciation Reserves and to Reserves in respect of Goodwill. This policy of retaining such a high proportion of our profits each year has enabled us to carry through our vast programme of development and expansion.

This year trading has, so far, been at a satisfactory level and we can reasonably anticipate some improvement on the year's results.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

THE ROVER COMPANY

HIGHER OUTPUT—LOWER PROFIT MARGINS

MR. H. HOWE GRAHAM'S REVIEW:

The 60th Annual General Meeting of The Rover Company Limited will be held on December 21 in Birmingham.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman, Mr. H. Howe Graham, F.C.A.:

The progress which the Company has made in recent years has again been well maintained.

In my statement last year I referred to plans for expanding our production capacity and proposals to increase our capital for this purpose. The new capital has since been raised and I am pleased to tell you that the expansion programme is well in hand. The net Balance Sheet value of our Fixed Assets has increased by over £1½ million during the year, and we had outstanding commitments for further capital expenditure totalling £800,000 at the date of the Balance Sheet.

Our output has risen steadily in the post war years, and our sales of vehicles during the year under review showed an increase of more than one-third in both number and value as compared with the year to 31st July, 1954. Although we cannot necessarily expect to maintain this very high rate of expansion we are now in a position to take advantage quickly and economically of a further increase in demand for our products.

The year under review was one of rising costs both of materials and wages, and despite the considerable increase in output we had to work to lower profit margins. Costs are still continuing to rise and although, as in the past, we have absorbed increases as far as possible against economies achieved as a result of the greater volume and more efficient methods of manufacture, nevertheless, in common with other manufacturers we have recently had to adjust our selling prices.

Whilst the final result for the year is eminently satisfactory, it must be borne in mind that the capital has been considerably increased during the year and having regard to this increase in capital the results are rather less favourable than one would normally expect; also due to rising costs of production the actual profit per unit produced is, in fact, less than it was in the previous financial year.

Every effort is being made and will continue to be made to expand our home and export markets but it must be realized that rising costs and increased taxation at home combined with continued import restrictions all over the world are making this no easy task.

The Surplus on Trading and Management Fees, together with Interest on Investments and Bank Interest amount to £2,407,530, and this represents an increase of £352,075 on last year's figure. The provision for Taxation this year is £1,074,911 as compared with £1,165,164 last year on a smaller profit. The Profit after Taxation has increased from £553,617 last year to £938,458. Your Directors are recommending a Dividend of 22½%, less tax.



The Land-Rover 107" Wheelbase Model with fixed weatherproof cab.



Chassis and coachwork are practically the same in each of the three Rover models—the powerful '90', the popular '75' and the economical '60'.



The Land-Rover 86" Wheelbase Standard Model with detachable hood.



"There's nothing like a *black* car", say the Old School.

"A metallic grey job never shows the dirt!", retorts the modern salesman.

"Fire-engine red", sighs the sports-car enthusiast (absent-mindedly changing down with the bowl of his pipe). What *are* the popular colours? To find out, I.C.I.'s Paints Division —

Colourful types

all British cars at the Earls Court Motor Show. So far, despite the coming of pastel and metallic shades, black still remains favourite.

Assessing trends in public taste is only one facet of Paints Division's service to the motor industry — service that dates from the early days of mass-production.

It was I.C.I.'s introduction of the quick-drying cellulose finishes, for example, that reduced the time taken to paint cars from 12 days to 12 hours. Today, Paints Division continues the search for better finishes, primers, and undercoats, and its products are protecting and decorating not only motor vehicles all over the world, but also ships, aircraft and many other products — as well as the factories and homes where people work and live.

*Thus, and in a thousand kindred ways, I.C.I.'s research
and production are serving the Nation.*





A MOVADO

waterproof watch beats all records.

Immersed in sea water,

IT HAS CROSSED THE ATLANTIC AND BACK...



Ref. 18481, stainless steel,
£28.14.0

MOVADO

Movado Automatic "331", the flattest self-winding watch in the world with the best protection against shocks (dual protection); super-waterproof.

Christmas is the time for TRADITION



This Christmas you can honour the occasion, as never before, with TRADITION — a superlative aged Liqueur Brandy recently arrived from France. Especially blended by E. Normandin et Cie. to suit the traditional English preference for pale, dry Cognac, TRADITION is a wholly natural product of quality, time and skill. Its innocence of colouring or sweetening, its incomparable bouquet and finesse make TRADITION a gift that reflects the discernment of giver and recipient alike.

NORMANDIN COGNAC

TRADITION
LIQUEUR BRANDY

Bottles : 57/6d Half-Bottles : 29/3

... and for your Christmas 3-Star — LOREL

Make a note of the name — LOREL. This uncommonly excellent pure French Brandy costs only 37/6 a bottle. Perfect for Brandies-and-sodas, for Christmas cocktails — and of course for the Christmas pudding.

If these two Brandies have not yet arrived in your locality, please write to

BRANDIES OF FRANCE LIMITED, 13 Maze Pond, London, S.E.1.



Relax, and as you light up your Sobranie Virginia, things settle down. Through its smoke rings you see through most things; in its smoke clouds are castles of enchantment; in its aroma is contentment and peace . . . Let the specially chosen Virginia leaf, matured in casks like vintage wine, give you the perfect answer to every fret. For Sobranie Virginia are no ordinary cigarettes; they are made to meet the requirements of the most



fastidious of palates and to delight both you and the choicest of your smoking companions.

SOBRANIE VIRGINIA

Straight Cut Cigarettes 4/- for 20



TURKEY

"Turkeys, heresy, hops and beer came into England all in one year." Turkey began to oust boar's head from the Christmas feast during the 16th Century. As for hope—well, they made Guinness possible, and it's heresy to think of Christmas without Guinness.



HOLLY AND MISTLETOE

Holly was once inseparable from ivy at Christmas; in folklore it stood for the male, and ivy for the female. Mistletoe, for our pagan forebears, symbolised the life-giving power of the sun stored up in the wood of the oak on which it grew.

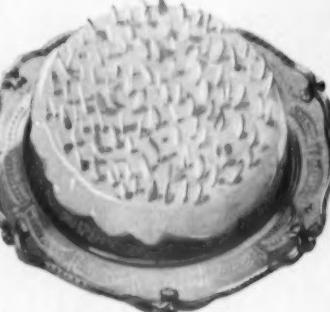


MINCE PIES

Ideally the ingredients of mincemeat should be chopped, not minced, but perhaps this is a counsel of perfection. Try adding chopped almonds. And one last suggestion: wish for a Guinness every time you have a mince pie—it's good for you.



Guinness Guide to Christmas



TIPSY CAKE

Topsy Cake, traditional at Christmas, is a sponge soaked with a glass of sherry and one of brandy, covered with custard and stuck with almonds. Yule-log Cake is seasonal too—a Swiss roll covered with chocolate butter icing.



THE TRIMMINGS

Ever tried Cranberry sauce with turkey? Apricot stuffing? Chestnut forcemeat? Do you know the Yorkshire Christmas dish of lemon cheesecakes with orange jelly? What about "remains"? Try Blanquette of Turkey, Salmi of Goose, or Devilled Legs of Turkey.



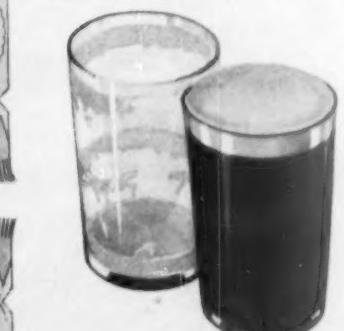
PLUM PUDDING

So called, perhaps, for the very English reason that it has no plums in it. What it can have in it, with great gain to the flavour, is Guinness. If you mix your pudding on "Stir up" Sunday, don't add the Guinness till just before you cook it.



THE KISSING-BOUGH

A kissing-bough, the old English forerunner of the Christmas tree, is a "globe" made of three wire rings. Tie on sprigs of evergreen, set candles round the equator, and hang the 'bough' from the ceiling.



—AND GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

Copies of this page, together with Guinness Recipe Leaflets, may be obtained from Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. (Park Royal) Ltd., Advertising Dept., London, N.W.10.

CHRISTMAS
GREETINGS
AND
EVERY GOOD WISH
FOR THE
NEW YEAR
from
WILMOT BREEDEN
BIRMINGHAM
DECEMBER 1955

eric Fraser

Socks for perfectionists

PEX
A140



- Long life shrink resisting.
- Choice of 15 variations: 9 plain shades, 6 mixtures.

Also the A141 Long Sock with "Lastex" Top.

PEX Socks & Stockings

- Give you all these advantages:
- Botany wool and nylon throughout.
- High-heel and toe nylon reinforced.



"The Best of the Bunch"
MACKENZIE'S



For over one hundred years Mackenzie's have been shipping the finest Sherry and Port.

"Fino Perla" Sherry, an ideal aperitif, delights the eye with its glorious golden hue and charms the palate with its subtle, pleasing flavour.

"Regal" Tawny Port is a wine of character renowned for its mellow, heartening quality.

'Fino Perla' Sherry - 'Regal' Tawny Port
MACKENZIE & CO. LTD.
20, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3. JEREZ & OPORTO

If you're giving cigars
this Christmas-

Play safe when you're buying cigars for somebody else! Choose from the fine imported Jamaicas—for most men prefer a mild cigar and most fine Jamaica cigars are mild. Choose La Tropical—a cigar that is notably mild without loss of character. For the gift that runs to 25 cigars, choose the exclusive Pan-Climatic jar—and know each cigar will be smoked at the peak of perfect condition!

PAN-CLIMATIC JARS of 25
DIPLOMATS 4½ INCHES • PETIT CORONAS 5 INCHES • CORONAS 5½ INCHES

From 72/9d. the jar.
All La Tropical cigars also available in a wide range of other packings.

LA TROPICAL
DE LUXE
Finest Jamaica Cigars

Sole Importers—Lambert and Butler of Drury Lane
Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited



SMALLEST PRESENT—BIGGEST ‘THANK YOU’!



YOU KNOW what she's got. Are people going to look like that when they open their presents from you?

Swiss watches are exciting presents to choose—there are such a lot to choose from: watches that never need winding, watches that are calendars, as well as timekeepers . . . alarm watches, stop-watches; watches for day, for sport, for evening . . . watches for every manner of man.

Your Jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

Time is the art of the Swiss

Go to a good jeweller, who really knows Swiss watches. His advice is skilled and knowledgeable: very well worth having.

And what watches the Swiss make for women! Gold watches, steel watches, watches set among diamonds; watches on bangles, on bracelets, on straps; wrist-watches, ring-watches, brooch-watches; sensible watches, that you don't know where you'd be without . . . and sumptuous watches, that are jewels in their own right.

The Swiss make all the kinds there are—superbly. They are famous for it.

SWISS FEDERATION OF WATCH MANUFACTURERS



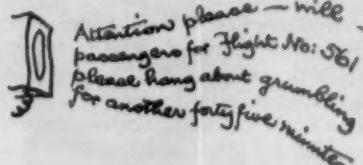


CHARIVARIA

IT is hard to epitomize that distinguished visit to Burma. One report made a brave try, nevertheless, by noting that "owing to the activities of Communist insurgents strong security measures were taken to ensure the safety of the Soviet leaders."

Hop, Scotch

REGULAR air passengers, reading well down into the reports that the Comet III flew from London to Sydney in just



under twenty-five hours, were relieved to find that this was flying time, the actual journey taking over forty-four hours. Those long restful waits at the airports have not been abolished after all.

Saints Must Advertise

AFTER its recent Brains Trust dissection of the Father Christmas myth the B.B.C. television service received complaints from many angry parents whose children had been thrown into squalling disillusion. Luckily the rival service may be relied on to undo the damage, and during the next week or two, at natural breaks in the programme, will provide visual evidence that the good old man not only exists but owes his continued health and spirits to everybody's breakfast food, razor blades, carpets, trousers, fish paste, soap powder, petrol, furniture polish, footwear, stomach pills, soap, electric light bulbs, building societies, cigarettes, beer and hangover tablets.

Unruly Member

WHEN Sir Robert Boothby put his tongue out at the Government during the fourteen-day-rule debate Dr. Hill

missed an opportunity. He should have diagnosed a touch of liverishness.

Softly, 'mid the Winter Snow

"THE whine of jet engines will be heard all over the country this Christmas," says a toy manufacturer's pamphlet, referring to a model Britannia airliner. Also expected to be popular are model police cars with siren, model fire engines with ringing bell and model racing cars whose "powerful clockwork motor produces the noise of an exhaust." The difficulty may be to find model parents.

Sorry We've been Troubled

TELEPHONE relations between the rulers and the ruled have been the subject of recent study in America, tapped lines at the town hall of Newark, New Jersey, produced evidence that of thirty calls from citizens to bureaucrats



twenty-seven were terminated by premature hanging-up at the town hall end, and only in the other three did the bureaucrat behave politely. Local Government employees on this side say that mistakes are bound to happen, and a ten per cent error isn't too bad.

Anybody Switch Off?

Moscow's radio reports of the Khrushchev-Bulganin reception during their performance before the Indian Parliament gives the following audience-response figures: Marshal Bulganin, "applause" twenty times, "prolonged applause" eleven times; Mr. Khrushchev, "applause" twenty times, "prolonged applause" fourteen times, "stormy applause" five times and

"tumultuous applause" twice. These details, though supported by *Pravda*, may be revised after consideration of findings by the Russian equivalents of the I.T.A. research organization, the B.B.C. research organization and the Gallup Poll.

Cut this Red Tape!

IT is time that the whole business of transport fares was placed on a rational footing. A Kent bus company announces that it is to make a further application to its licensing authority for permission to raise fares, though similar permission was already granted in January and again in April. Why should the strain of these needless formalities be added to the burdens already borne? Surely it should not be difficult to give companies a blanket authority to charge what they like? An even further simplification would be to leave charges to the discretion of individual conductors. The public are obliged to get about from one place to another, and will naturally pay what is asked of them. If they don't like it—as conductors so often say—they can always walk.

Human Kindness Note

"STRONG protests" were made locally when Surrey County Council proposed to give schoolchildren their milk in



solid instead of liquid form. Rightly. The palate needs all the lubrication it can get after reciting the kings and queens of England or the multiplication table, and compared with a glass of cool white fluid what is a couple of crunches at a powdery little pellet? However, this was

not, as a closer reading revealed, the tone of the protests. They came from indignant farmers who saw a slump in dairy revenue.

Father to the Thought

ONCE again it has been demonstrated that the Press can leave the politicians standing when it comes to reaching quick conclusions. Mr. Butler said last



week, in a Parliamentary reply, that the three-week-old report on Civil Service salaries "required close study, and the Government were not yet able to form views on it"; whereas the newspapers, before the report was dry from the printers, had already told the world in headlines "Civil Service Pay to Go Up" (*Mail*), "£1,500-a-Year Pay Rises" (*Express*) and "New Deal for Whitehall" (*Sketch*).

Spare that Tree

FROM December 16 to December 31 Christmas Trees will be provided at London County Council expense in Clissold, Kennington and other parks. It is hoped that volunteer watchmen will patrol the sites against any attempt at premature removal by Mr. Nigel Birch's woodmen.

Image

MODERN scientific research establishments, pushing up all over the country, tend more and more to floor the journeyman journalist whose task it is to convey their barely intelligible marvels to the family breakfast-table. That *Daily Express* man did well recently, in his piece on the new £1,000,000 hydro-dynamic Admiralty Research Laboratory, to hit on the phrase "furnished like an outsize space-ship."

Burning Question

To young Robert Jones all praises be
Who tried to extinguish the Admiralty.
Their Lordships sent him their grateful
thanks:
But how will they feel in the lower
ranks?

FRIENDLY MATCH

AND here comes the Russian team on to the field, the crowd are giving them a terrific welcome, I expect you can hear them, there's a man in front of me, great big chap he is, and he's cheering and yelling like a madman. I must say it always gives me special pleasure the way an English crowd welcomes a foreign team. And now here is the England side.

The crowd is cheering them too, you can probably hear if you listen, there's one fellow I can see, little swarthy man wearing glasses, glasses he's wearing, and he's obviously tremendously keen.

Now they're lining up for the kick-off, England has won the toss, not a very popular win I'm afraid, there was a bit of booing, and I can hear the big chap in front of me shouting something about old English courtesy. Well, anyway, now they're lining up for the kick-off and they *kick off!* The little swarthy man seems to be in trouble with the big man already, he says what has courtesy got to do with it, and the big chap comes back very fast, very fast on a point this man, and he says "Well, they're visitors from a friendly Power, aren't they?" and the little man says "Friendly is it?" and I think he got the worst of that, he's not quite so quick as the big chap, and he's got a slight foreign accent.

Well now, here comes the big chap back again, he says of course they're friendly, we're playing football with them aren't we, and the little chap says what about these speeches of Khrushchev and it looked just for a minute as if he was going to score, but the other chap comes back very fast, and oh, it's a goal. The Russians have scored a goal and everyone on the field is shaking hands and clapping one another on the back and the big fellow in front of me has pulled the little man's hat off.

The small man has come back very strongly, and they kick off again, and the small man isn't looking quite so happy now, but back he comes very gamely, very plucky spectator this, but the big man is still pressing his advantage, and oh I say, I think that was definitely a foul, he called the little man a foreigner.

And now here comes the little fellow again, something about democracy I think it is, and the Russians have scored again and everyone on the field is shaking hands and kissing one another, and the big fellow is right on top now, he's bringing in the workers, I can hear it from where I'm sitting, the workers, and the little man has countered with universal suffrage, but the big man brings out his very strong Left, and he says dialectical materialism, and the opium of the people, and Karl Marx, and the Russians have scored again. I don't think the little man has much chance now, really.

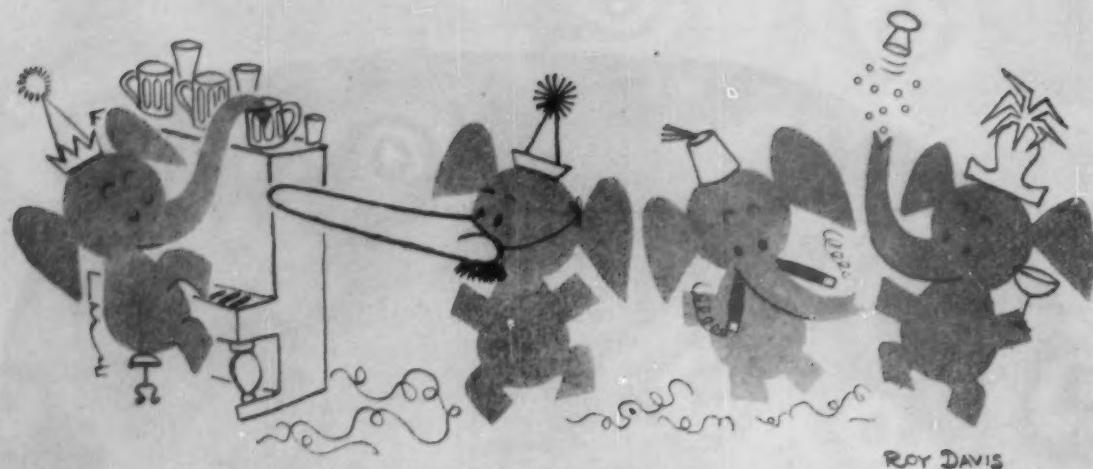
I'm afraid he's pretty well finished, he lashed out then with cricket, but it didn't land very hard I'm afraid, and the Russians score again, and the big chap says Five-Year Plan, and proletariat, and the Russians score again, and both sides are beginning to tire badly now, the big chap as well as the little chap, it's the same all over the stands, the spectators are practically all-in and there's some rather rough play going on I'm afraid, and now the referee blows his whistle.

Well, that was a really splendid game, both sides played really good clean football, and I can only say that if the Russians continue to send over really splendid sportsmen like this relations between the countries ought very soon to become quite unendurable.

B. A. Y.







This is Your Christmas Carol

By ALEX ATKINSON

The Studio is so small that there is scarcely room in it for the Sympathetic Understanding, Hearty Common Sense, Soothing Words, Keen Insight, Papier Mâché Sincerity and Fatherly Advice with which it is crammed. The walls drip with Love. The air is curdled with Good Deeds, and all concerned have to slop around in the Milk of Human Kindness, which is constantly sprayed into the place through a hole near the ceiling, and drained off (a bit grey) into underground tanks ready for the next time. A hidden organ plays sacred music such as "Danny Boy," "Bless This House" and "My Yiddisher Momma." Crêpe-paper decorations are festooned overhead, heavy with dust.

The auditorium is a vast arena. Men, women, children and dear little doggies, who have queued for hours in the driving sleet, sit close-packed, eating, holding hot hands, barking, kissing, sniffing, giving money to beggars, snoring, scratching, waiting for a miracle, stealing purses, or loving their neighbours. Under their feet are peanut shells, football pool coupons, frail old ladies who have dropped a glove, four thousand crumpled copies of "Weekend Mail," tea-leaves, pomegranate skins, form-books, and the small calico sachets of Sweetness and Light which are being given away at the entrance.

To warm up the audience, Charles Dickens (with his beard shaved off, disguised as Dylan Thomas pretending to be Emlyn Williams) gives a dramatic reading from the second act of "Night Must Fall."

The lights fade in the arena. Attendants with angels' wings carefully spray everybody with disinfectant. Second-hand plastic rose-petals flutter down. Somewhere a boy soprano sings "O for the Wings of a Dove."

Enter EDWINA LAVENGRO. She is fetching, demure, long-suffering, with scent on her bosom, rings on her fingers, stars in her eyes. She wants us to be happy. She is in deep mourning. She is everybody's Auntie, but is not averse to a little good-natured fun after the kiddies are in bed. But she smiles bravely out at the Sea of Human Troubles that faces her, and the Sea of Human Troubles heaves in anticipation. She is followed by

TED CRAVEBLOSSOM, a thin-lipped, hard-headed soul-searcher from the regions of the dark, satanic mills. He will stand no nonsense. There is nothing you can tell him about human frailty and the ills that flesh is heir to, because he has a corner in them. He is followed by a PSYCHIATRIST, a WELFARE WORKER, a PROBATION OFFICER, a SPY from the Wilfred Pickles Organization, a PUBLIC HANGMAN, some CHOIRBOYS, and an OLD LADY with a teapot who looks rather like Wilhelmina Stitch.

They all crowd in and fight unobtrusively for the comfortable chair. They bring a smell of hymn-books and sensible cardigans. EDWINA folds her plump, cold, soothing hands and speaks.

EDWINA: To-night, friends, we are to consider the case of an ordinary man in the street—a humble clerk, with a wife and actual children—who has consented to lay bare his soul so that we may scrabble about in it for your enjoyment. If he can make us cry, we will be thankful: there are so few tears in the pell-mell rush of the world to-day.

A VOICE: Hear, hear!

An ATTENDANT brings on a bucket.

EDWINA: And if we can make him cry, so much the better. For which of us would not rather pay three pounds a year to watch some real, live, broken-hearted wretch sob his heart out once a fortnight on the Telly, than pay three-and-six to see a horror film? Which of us, I say? (*Three thousand hands go up, and a dear little paw. TED CRAVEBLOSSOM blows his nose. The OLD LADY with the teapot takes a swig of medicinal rum, and winks at a man in the orchestra.*) Very well, then. Bring on this poor little man. We have put his head in a small sack, so that you won't know who he is.

The POOR LITTLE MAN rushes in, carrying the sack, and sits down facing the cameras. He looks peevish.

POOR LITTLE MAN: I'm Bob Cratchit, and I don't care who knows it, so there!

EDWINA (*meekly*): So be it, Mr. Cratchit. (*Kindly*) Now . . . in your own words . . . what sordid predicament have you got yourself into? Open your heart, and let us revel in its seedy mysteries.

CRAVEBLOSSOM (*icy, relentlessly kind*): I think we know this poor creature's pitiful tale. Mr. Cratchit, you are employed as a clerk, are you not, by one Ebenezer Scrooge?

CRATCHIT: Yes, your Honour.

Laughter. CRAVEBLOSSOM blushes. *He always wanted to be an Usher at the Old Bailey.*

CRAVEBLOSSOM: Your stipend, or weekly remuneration, is fifteen shillings, is it not?

CRATCHIT: I wish it was. It's twenty-five bob now, the more's the pity.

CRAVEBLOSSOM: You worked for Scrooge in a draughty tank of an office, with no coal-scuttle of your own, and never a kind word?

CRATCHIT: I did! Those were the days! (*He sighs.*)

CRAVEBLOSSOM: You struggled hard to maintain a wife and six children?

CRATCHIT: It wasn't such a struggle. Look what we used to have on Christmas Day. A goose, stuffed with sage and onions; apple sauce; mashed potatoes; gravy; a pudding, with half of a half-quartern of brandy poured over it and ignited; apples, oranges, chestnuts; and

a jug of hot gin and lemons. What *more* did we want?

CRAVEBLOSSOM: I put it to you that it was a struggle. It is on record that one Christmas Eve you ran all the way home from Cornhill to Camden Town!

CRATCHIT: High spirits, nothing more.

EDWINA (*rising, brushing away her tears*): But it *was* a struggle, Mr. Cratchit! Your poor wife in a twice-turned gown . . . (*The audience is racked with sobs.*) No coal-scuttle in your office . . . no kind word from your employer . . . and your poor little son Tiny Tim pattering about on his little crutch, singing in his plaintive voice a song about a boy lost in the snow . . .

Women faint. There are cries of "We want to see Tiny Tim!" A hundred and eighteen telegrams are handed to CRAVEBLOSSOM. He reads them out. They are from people who want to buy Tiny Tim, people who want to marry Bob Cratchit, people who have bundles of clothing for Mrs. Cratchit, people who want to marry Tiny Tim, people who want a lock of Craveblossom's hair, and people who want to marry Edwina Lavengro. Attendants enter, bearing gifts that keep arriving from all parts of the country: refrigerators, once-turned gowns, oxidized coal-scuttles, geese, perambulators, crates of lemons, lame guide-dogs, aluminium crutches, sacks of smokeless fuel, unwanted children, and a motor-car taxed and insured for six months.



"Isn't that Michaela Denis?"

SCROOGE (*off, dancing with the ghost of Mrs. Fezziwig*): Ha, ha, ha, ha! Hilli-ho! Chirrup!

BOB CRATCHIT *groans*.

CRAVEBLOSSOM: I put it to you, Mr. Cratchit, that your employer has made your life a misery because he is a grasping skinflint—

CRATCHIT: No!

CRAVEBLOSSOM: That you can bear it no longer, and that your problem is this: would you be justified in poisoning Mr. Scrooge's gruel?

MRS. CRATCHIT (*rushing on with her mouth full of smoked salmon*): Nonsense! That's not the point at all! When Mr. Scrooge was a grasping skinflint he went his way and we went ours. But ever since he saw those ghosts we haven't been able to call our souls our own. *That's what made our life a misery!*

EDWINA: You poor, misguided fellow-human! We feel for you—please believe that, Mrs. Cratchit. We feel deeply for you, and your husband, and Mr. Scrooge, and—

VOICES: We want Tiny Tim! We want to see him suffering with a smile on his little pinched face!

EDWINA: As I was saying, Mr. and Mrs. Cratchit, you evidently don't understand the nature of your own misery.

The Psychiatrist puts on his spectacles and takes a big book out of his brief-case.

CRATCHIT: Humbug! We understand it perfectly well! The trouble is this: since Scrooge lost his wits we've been pestered to death by his generosity. It's Christmas every day with him! He comes bouncing round every night with bottles of gin, and crystallized fruit, and sides of bacon. We have to sell half the stuff on the quiet before it goes bad. Then he's continually bringing

fiddlers into the house with him, and getting up dances, and playing forfeits, and squeezing my missus in the pantry on the sly. Not content with that, he invites his odious nephew, Fred, and Fred's giggling wife, and her sisters, and the kids can't get a wink of sleep for the hullabaloo, and the neighbours keep sending solicitors' letters, and I'm too tired to get up in the morning. Then he raises my salary, and my daughters put on airs, and spend more on clothes in a month than I can earn in three. He gives me a roaring fire in my office, summer and winter, and keeps coming in to ask me conundrums out of crackers, laughing his silly head off, so that I have to stay late to get any work done at all.

EDWINA (*shaking her head with a sad smile*): I think you've got it wrong, you know.

CRATCHIT: Bah! Humbug!

A MEMBER OF THE PUBLIC (*rushing in from Epping*): I want to adopt the poor little consumptive rat that was found in a cruel trap!

AN ATTENDANT (*gently*): Different studio, friend.

MEMBER OF THE PUBLIC: Oh! Sorry! (*He rushes out.*)

CRAVEBLOSSOM (*pointing accusingly at CRATCHIT*): You can't deny that you have been ground down by this grasping employer, who thinks of nothing but his bank-balance. To prove it, I intend to call in . . . (*His voice breaks. He is revived by the resident MEDICAL OFFICER.*) . . . I intend to call in Tiny Tim!

Pandemonium. Fire-hoses are turned on to prevent the audience from storming the stage. Teen-age girls don sweaters embroidered with the words "Tiny, I Go For You." Everybody cries. A man called WILFRED beats frenziedly at the main doors, calling "Let me in! Let me in! You can't do this to me!" He is led away, sobbing with grief and frustration. SCROOGE seizes the opportunity to hurry



in with a bunch of mistletoe, and wrestles with EDWINA in a corner for a good ten minutes. At last TINY TIM is carried on, shoulder-high, by a detachment of good, pure, flat-chested CHORUS GIRLS. He has grown a moustache.

TINY TIM: Put me down, curse you!

He is cheered for an hour and a quarter. They sit him in a golden throne decorated with hearts, flowers and surgical appliances. Some fool, a bit confused, gets up and says grace. A coach-party of visiting butchers, hastily diverted from the Victoria Palace, hurries in to shake hands with him. He bites one. CHARLES DICKENS, thoroughly delighted, wipes off his make-up and goes home to have another shot at finishing "Bleak House."

CRAVEBLOSSOM (barely able to speak with suppressed emotion): Dear Tiny Tim! The Telly has waited for this blessed moment. It was for this moment that the Telly was originally invented! This is, as you can understand, all we needed. To see your little crutch! To hear your plaintive voice! To suffer with you as you bravely face the world! Would you mind, first of all, sitting up on your daddy's shoulder for us?

TINY TIM: Go to the devil! He's none too steady on his pins, and never has been. (Shocked silence. TINY TIM lights his pipe.) What d'you want, anyhow?

EDWINA: Ah, what an example it is to us all to see such a good, kind, noble, generous, beautiful, sweet-natured little gentleman—

TINY TIM: What are you raving about? What makes you think I'm good, kind, noble, generous, beautiful or sweet-natured, for God's sake?

EDWINA (wide-eyed, hammering it up): But you must be! You're a cripple!

TINY TIM (furiously): Well, God bless us, every one! That does it! Get out of my way, you raddle-faced harridan, or I'll beat the living daylights out of you! He jumps down from the throne, and lays about him with his little crutch. Sparks from his pipe set fire to the decorations. Panic spreads. EDWINA falls face-down in the Milk of Human Kindness. SCROOGE grabs a CHORUS GIRL and sneaks off down the fire-escape, laughing heartily. TINY TIM fights his way out of the burning building, and the sound of his little crutch goes pattering away into the distance. There is no sign of a taxi, and his language is simply awful.

(What befell at the Studio conference the very next morning; how it came about that Ebenezer Scrooge, Esquire, found it necessary that same night to dance upon a policeman's helmet while in the process of being taken into custody in company with a young lady not altogether unfamiliar with the theatrical profession; by what strange and unfathomable chain of circumstances it happened that Bob Cratchit retired from business to devote the rest of his life to a protracted suit for slander against the Telly; how the fire was brought under control despite all the efforts of the audience to keep it going by reason of their chagrin at the departure of Tiny Tim; how much Miss Lavengro and Mr. Craveblossom made out of the night's work, and what sort of Christmas they had; these, and other unnecessarily complicated questions, which nobody in his right senses would ever dream of asking anyway, must remain unanswered until a later chapter.)



Greene in Judgment

S HORN heads are shaking in the council rooms of Rome
And the cardinals are crimson beneath the golden dome;
There is frowning on the forehead 'twixt the mitre and the cope
And a call goes out for charity, for charity and hope—
For all must see the message, the message from the North,
And the Patriarch of all the West has called his College forth.

Grave is the news to-night;
Can they have heard aright?
Lean Greene the proselyte

Is writing in his wrath.

The men of God are guessing and they tremble as they guess
(Lean Greene the proselyte has finished his MS);
The sinner may not realize the hole his soul is in—
Perhaps it's just his characters who keep a sense of sin—
But the publishers are eager and the Press importunate:
It is Heinemann, it is Hulton, it is Gollancz at the gate!

Tablet may stay polite,
Universe may indict—
Lean Greene the proselyte
Will not capitulate.

Vibrant the Vatican, Castel Gandolfo quakes
(Lean Greene the proselyte is selling like hot cakes):
Most terrible of infants is this English child of God—
Non Angli sed Angeli now sounds a trifle odd.
His plots are fascinating but his pages seldom free
Of priests with laymen's problems and a human frailty;

Still, it's a foregone fight,
Man versus Pontiff's might—
Lean Greene the proselyte
Against the Holy See.

ANTHONY BRODE

Theatre Notes

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

A DRAMATIST friend of mine was telling me the other day that he had written his last play. He was embittered by the fact that after they had waited a year for the star who had promised to star in it, the man had gone and got a big television contract and backed out, and after they had waited another year for another star they were informed by him that he was off to Hollywood. And this after he, the dramatist, had worked like a beaver rewriting the thing to suit the views of the manager, the manager's wife, the principal backer and the principal backer's son Harold, an intelligent boy of fourteen on whose judgment the principal backer placed great reliance.

He was fed up too, he said, with what he called this damned one-set business. To cut down expenses all plays to-day have to be in one set, and there is nothing that makes a playwright stick straws in his hair more feverishly than being told that he has somehow got to fit his Old Bailey trial scene and his Night in the Harem sequence into "Drawing-room of Mrs. Willoughby-Finch's house near Haslemere."

He also had come to loathe the tedium of rehearsals and to shy like a frightened horse when he saw actors sidling up to him to ask for better exit lines, and could no longer face the horrors of the preliminary try-out tour on the road, with its "Nobody ever comes to the theatre on Monday in these small towns. Wait till Tuesday," "One can't expect a good house on a Tuesday out in the sticks. Wait till Wednesday," and "Wednesday is always a bad night here, they say. Wait till Thursday. Thursday will tell the story." And always at his elbow the manager, chewing two inches of a dead cigar and muttering "Well, boy, there ain't no doubt but what it'll need a lot of work."

Myself, I should be sorry to retire from the theatre. I have always enjoyed writing plays, getting them typed and starting sending them round to managers and observing their reactions. There is a sort of brisk delirium inseparable from things theatrical which cannot but entertain the thoughtful student of human nature.

The first manager I sent my play to would keep it six months, and when I

wrote inquiring after it would send me back a five-act drama by some gentleman living in Streatham, regretting that, much as he had enjoyed it personally, his commitments made it impossible for him to produce it. I would then send another script to a second manager, and when a year had elapsed would write apologizing for what might seem impatience on my part but had he come to any decision on my farcical comedy, *What the Butler Overheard?* Five weeks later I would receive by the same post the script and a letter from the manager saying that there had evidently been some mistake, as no such script had come to his office.

And so it would go on, a delightful game for both young and old.

Eventually, in that mysterious way in which these things happen in the theatre, I somehow contrived to work my way into the inner ring and witnessed the production of sixteen plays and twenty-two musical comedies of which I was author or part-author or merely just hanging on to the author in the capacity of "Charles, his friend." (In virtually every theatrical enterprise there is a Charles, his friend, drawing his weekly royalty. Nobody knows exactly how he got in, but there he is. Affability of manner has a good deal to do with it.)

The theatre! What memories! We old pros love to yarn on about it.

My first play, I remember, was written in collaboration with a boy named Henry Cullimore when I was six or seven. I don't recall what made us decide to do it, but we did so decide,

and Henry said we should have to have a plot. "What's a plot?" I asked. (Actually I said "What's a plot?" for I had some front teeth missing.) He said he didn't know. He had read or heard somewhere that if you were writing a play a plot was a good thing to have, but as to what it was he confessed himself fogged. This made us both feel a little stymied, but we agreed that there was nothing to do but carry on and hope that everything would pan out all right. (Chekov used to do this.)

He—Henry Cullimore, not Chekov—was the senior partner in the project. He was not only two or three years older than I was, which gave him an edge, but he had a fountain pen. I just contributed moral support, pursuing the same method which I later found to answer so well when collaborating with Guy Bolton. When Guy and I pitched in on a play I left the rough spadework—the writing—to him, and would look in on him from time to time and say "How are you getting on?" He would say "All right," and I would say "Fine" and go off and play golf. Giving the Wodehouse Touch, I used to call it.

This system worked capitally with all the Bolton-Wodehouse efforts, and I believe it was the way Beaumont and Fletcher used to work together, with Beaumont hunched up over his desk and Fletcher popping his head in at the door and saying "How goeth it, my heart of gold?" But Henry Cullimore let me down. A broken reed, if ever there was one. He got as far as

ACT ONE

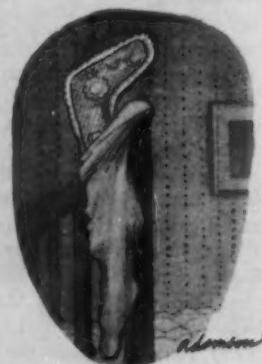
(Enter HENRY)

HENRY: What's for breakfast? Ham and oatmeal? Very nice

but there he stopped. He had shot his bolt.

How he had planned to go on, had not the divine afflatus turned blue on him, I never discovered, but I imagine that he probably had in mind something like the oatmeal being full of poison—"One of the barbiturate group, inspector, if I am not greatly mistaken"—or a dead body dropping out of the cupboard where they kept the sugar.

The thing was never produced. A pity, for I think it would have made a great audience show.





"Remember, you won't be wearing a hat with it, Henry."



Hartfield and Homicide

By H. F. ELLIS

(Miss Jane Austen was clearly, as "Northanger Abbey" shows, very much interested in murder as a literary theme. It is not too much to suppose that, had she been spared, she would ultimately have taken her place in the front rank of detective novelists.)

INSPECTOR ELLIOTT, of New Scotland Yard in the county of London, was a plain, good sort of man with an inquisitive disposition unlikely to recommend him to persons of consequence and not above a thousand pounds in his own disposal. The younger son of a Northumberland draper, he had inherited little upon the death of his father but a bolt of blue serge and a strong reluctance to share it with his brother; and prompted by these and other considerations had lost no time in quitting the north and engaging in a small way in the enforcement of the law, an occupation in which he made rather more rapid progress than his moderate talents and awkward manners could easily support. He had never been handsome, he lacked warmth, attainments, an agreeable walk: and now, exposed to all the restraints of good society in the drawing-room at Hartfield, with all the consciousness of inferiority of rank, nothing equal, nothing easy, every thing vexatious, without clues, no proper foundation laid, Inspector Elliott acknowledged himself to be overpowered. He longed only for solitude, time to reflect, to recollect, to refresh his distracted memory with such details of the movements, alibis, entanglements and incomes of the household as he had so far been able to assemble. Half an hour in the shrubbery might have tranquillized him. It was impossible. Not to be thought of. He must, would, speak!

"As some of you may be aware," said he, with a conscious look at Emma, "the body of Mr. Woodhouse was found early this morning transfixed to the ceiling of his dining-parlour—a decent room enough, though the windows, it ought to be observed, are full west—by a dagger of curious oriental workmanship."

Mr. Knightley took advantage of the little air of stir and bustle that a communication of such a nature may be imagined to have produced to place himself next to Emma Woodhouse's chair.

"This is ill begun, indeed!" cried he, hardly troubling himself to moderate

his tones. "To be speaking of your father in such terms, with so much boldness, betrays a want of principle, of sensibility that is every way to be reproved. But what is worse, much worse, is the injudiciousness, the illiberality, of thus publicly imparting intelligence that cannot but debar you for ever (I speak as a friend) from every decent home, all claim to civility among your acquaintance—*there is impropriety, there is evidence of a delicacy blunted beyond repair by daily familiarity with evil.*"

Emma looked grave. "Impropriety there certainly was," she thoughtfully replied. "But as to want of principle, on that point I believe I must quarrel with you. Where a man's duty is in question, we are not to expect that he will be in every circumstance as gentlemanlike as when he has inclination only to guide him. Inspector Elliott has a duty towards my father, the late Mr. Woodhouse; to me he owes no such allegiance."

"Upon my word, Emma, you reason with so much coolness, and show so ready a comprehension of police-work,

I am almost disposed to wonder that Inspector Elliott did not call upon your complaisance to aid him in that dreadful business at Lyme Regis. No, it is not his *actions* with which I find fault; those we must learn to tolerate. It is his coarse and ill-bred mode of expression that must excite disapprobation in any but the most vitiated mind. 'Transfixed to the ceiling' indeed! I should scarcely have esteemed him less if he had said 'skewered'!"

Emma blushed, and had risen to take a turn about the room, in order to compose herself before replying, when an interruption occurred from an unexpected quarter. Inspector Elliott was little disposed, either by character or education, to be long silent when others conversed, and now drew the attention of all in the room to his inferiority by a loud cough and an awkward gesture with his notebook.

"I must ask Miss Bates (in a very rough tone) to give an account of her movements between eleven and twelve o'clock yesterday sennight."

"Movements!" was Mr. Knightley's





"Please! Let me say it. Just this once . . ."

immediate exclamation. "Bad! Very bad!"

"Me!" cried Miss Bates. "Oh! thank you. So very kind. I hardly imagined my own little—so much attention—As I said to my mother—Just the two of us, said I, and Inspector Elliott so busy, it is not to be expected, though if there is any thing we *can* do . . . We were really quite shocked when we heard, for my mother's eyes are not always very strong and what with getting the stains off her dress—she never could be comfortable with red, you know, but it is all gone now—and poor Mr. Woodhouse . . . So unlike him, if Miss Woodhouse will allow me to say so. But every body has been so kind, it is quite a blessing."

Surprise, bewilderment, gloom were the emotions that occupied Inspector Elliott during Miss Bates's recital. He

looked dissatisfaction with her answer, and, after a short deliberation seemed about to address her again. Mrs. Elton, however, thought too much of her own importance to be any longer denied.

"I, at least," said she, "shall have no difficulty in collecting my whereabouts yesterday evening. Every body of consequence knows that I was at Maple Grove, my brother, Mr. Suckling's seat. A charming place, Inspector Elliott, I assure you. So extremely like Hartfield here—grounds, staircase, morning-room, all in the same style. I was quite struck with the similarity. There is even a dagger—my brother, Mr. Suckling, has a dagger, Inspector—which puts me exactly in mind—but perhaps on that point (looking towards Mr. Elton) I had better be silent."

It was no longer possible to continue. All felt the indiscretion, the want of

sense. Nothing useful, nothing comfortable was to be gained by prolonging a consultation that could only embarrass and might mortify. Where all wish to be going, the moment of separation is too often, mused Emma, apprehensively long delayed; where there is pleasure, ease, the desire to remain in company, excuses for departure are seldom wanting. She half turned to share this reflection with Mr. Knightley, but he had already moved away and with an angry "Imprudence!" stalked from the room.

Mr. Knightley's determined move broke up the party. Wraps were called for, Miss Bates was every where with help and attention, a barouche-landau was found for Mrs. Elton. Mr. Weston declared he would walk, despite the threatening sky, and Frank Churchill, who it must be confessed had been a more openly amused spectator of the scene than was altogether creditable either to his heart or his principles, offered to accompany him. Emma was free at last to throw herself down in the shrubbery and let her feelings overpower her for as long as she wished.

That Inspector Elliott, left alone with his notes and the body of Mr. Woodhouse, should be entirely at ease in his mind after what had passed, was not to be hoped for. But he was a man of sanguine temper, not very readily diverted from any object upon which he had set his mind, and not many months went by before he had satisfied himself that Mrs. Elton herself was the guilty party. Mrs. Elton's disappearance was talked of with more wonder than regret. She was speedily forgotten, nowhere perhaps more speedily than at Maple Grove; Mr. Elton found solace for his bereavement in a young lady, the daughter of an admiral, with three thousand a year of her own; the ceiling of the dining-parlour at Hartfield was redecorated in a style more in accordance with Emma's wishes; and Inspector Elliott, who could not fail to gain in elegance and understanding from his enforced intimacy with persons of a rank and character very different from his ordinary acquaintance and gradually came to be accepted even by Mr. Knightley as a plain, good sort of creature, finally quitted the neighbourhood to investigate the circumstances attending the rather over-convenient death of a Dr. Grant, lately of Mansfield in the county of Northampton.

Who Isn't?

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

AS the *Daily Express* discovered recently, after publishing a list of the best party-givers in Wigan, there can be more than one opinion about who's who, even in a relatively small community. With a world population of 2,628,200,000 to go at, it is even harder to please everybody; there is a lot of fame in the world, and in compiling an *International Who's Who* (Europa Publications, £5 net) it is easy to miss a bit. No doubt the publishers have already received hurt notes from some of their eminent omissions, including Si Bekkai and Ben Slimane, of Morocco, Wilfred Pickles, of Lime Grove, and Norman Dodds, Arthur Lewis, Gerald Nabarro and others, of Westminster.

But a workmanlike attempt has been made. The preliminary section with details of twenty-five reigning royal families of the world will give pleasure and surprise, and refresh memories for those who had forgotten, just for the moment, that King Sisavang Vong sits on the throne of Laos.

In these days of battered international relationships it is reassuring to see that Diplomacy is still the high road to fame. Diplomatists stud these pages with the sweep and brilliance of the Orders they wear. Here, at a random flick, is the well-known German diplomatist, Georg Ferdinand Duckwitz; at another, that Libyan diplomatist and household name, Mahmud Muntasser; at yet another, Guillermo Martín Machón de Paz, Salvadorean diplomatist. Sometimes they run two or three to the page, Icelandic, Chinese, Swedish, Vietnamese, Cambodian, until the reader staggers to twin astonishments; his ignorance in never having heard of them, and (in these days of battered international relationships) their complete apparent ineffectualness. What are they all doing, he asks himself. Surely they do not intend to go to their graves with nothing to show but an Order of the Sun (Peru) and an inch of small type in a reference book?

After the diplomatists, the businessmen for once come into their own. There is a fine selection of commercial and industrial celebrities of all nations, North America predominating for some reason. This will be hailed by the

fair-minded. The *Directory of Directors* apart, those smooth, heavy men who sit drinking tea in the three-forty-five from Victoria, sagging somewhat after their four-hour day but still plainly Somebodies, are apt to get overlooked in publications of this kind. Why should Ahmed Ramzy (Egyptian diplomatist) get a mention, just for being a delegate to the Islamic Conference of World Economy, when a man who makes the world economy, by immense shipping operations in red lentils, never sees his name in print except for a parking offence? All that has been put right. For the first time, in this catalogue of eminence, we can read all about Mr. William T. Christian, for example, of Chicago, Illinois, from his early start as "Sales Promotion Man, George B. Carpenter and Co." through his years as "Public Relations Officer, Household Finance Corp." to his present eminence as Director of the National Consumer Finance Association. Consider Sir Russell Kettle ("British Chartered Accountant") or the Hon. Geoffrey Cokayne Gibbs ("British Banker"). Where else but to this book could a man turn who was at his wits' end to learn all about such international figures as these?

The work has 1,082 pages (on the last we have Uncle Sam's well-known television expert of Princeton, N.J.—Vladimir Kosma Zworykin), and it is not possible to quote them all in a short article. However, for those who are still not entirely sure who is who, internationally speaking, and haven't five pounds to spend at this period of the year, a few distillations, specially classified, are given here.

Included for Famous Occupations:

Syed Zulfacar Ali Bokhari. (Pakistani Broadcasting Official.)
Friedrich Burmeister. (German Postal Official.)
Bardi Guðmundsson (M.A.). (Icelandic Curator.)
Vaino Kankaanpää. (Finnish Veterinarian.)
Serwano Wofunira Kolubya. (African Official [retired].)
Osbert Peake. (British Industrialist and Politician.)

Included for Pleasing Names:

Jerzy Putrament. (Polish Diplomatist.)
Gyurmay Dorje Chang Jetsoon Ngagwang Losang Tenzin Gyatsho Sisoom Wanggyur Tshungpa Mepai Dhepal Sangpo. (Dalai Lama.)

Included for Best Lot of Orders:

Sir Frederick Maze (British Fiscal Expert) for the following:
Order of Leopold, Order of Christ, Order of St. Olav, Order of Dannebrog, Commander Legion of Honour, Order of Brilliant Jade, with Sash, Order of Red Cross, Papal Order of Pius.

Although this admirable work offers a lifetime of fascinating reading, with thousands of introductions to entirely new celebrities, the omission of one or two old ones is bound to disappoint certain tastes. Both Mr. Len Hutton and Mr. Stanley Matthews are missing from the world of sport, though in the sphere of entertainment one or two figures raise their heads through the mist of diplomatists: Oscar Hammerstein (American librettist) rubs cheeks with Sir Robert Hankey (British diplomatist), and Joyce Grenfell (British entertainer) with Joseph C. Grew (American diplomatist). On the subject of entertainment it is perhaps worth while to note two small but interesting points in conclusion: Mr. Val Gielgud gives his address as 4/127 Long Acre, and Marshal Sokolovsky, despite his election to the Central Committee of the Communist Party, is not too proud to remind us that he is an honorary Knight Commander of the British Empire.



"CHRISTMAS SHOPPING IS SO TIRING!
Relax in F——'s lovely Restaurant
where so many smart people meet. . . ."
Daily Telegraph

What do you mean, relax?



Not So Seasonable

By CLAUD COCKBURN

IN case you imagine it's going to be all brandy butter and Peter Pan on ice, remember there are always people about who are prepared to act unsuitably, not in proper accord with the circumstances. Frederick F. Wendholt, Bible salesman for the House of Harmony, broke into the news at Terre Haute, Indiana, the other day when he "angrily called police, complained that fellow Bible salesman Robert L. Allaman had assaulted him and tried to throw him out of the Filbeck Hotel in an effort to muscle in on his territory."

Allaman, apparently, just could not see where his action was so out of keeping with the spirit of Bible salesmanship, and you could nearly take a bet that Bob Allaman's idea of a merry Christmas is to sell the Christmas tree for firewood. This sort of man just does not seem to "get" what it's all about; like Thomas Carlyle, who didn't know it was Christmas at all until he saw that the soldiers outside Chelsea barracks were "more than usually drunk."

Throughout history there have been instances of men who, excited by the sense of something unusual in the air, got it all wrong and went out and massacred people on Christmas morning — here Incas and there Armenians.

Mussolini was the same type, and tried to spend Christmas invading Albania, only the tanks didn't turn up in time and he had to postpone it to Good Friday.

Even before there was such a thing as Christmas you got some people doing the wrong thing on December 25. The ancient Angles called it Mothers' Day, which seems harmless enough, but it transpires that it was something rather different from Mothers' Day as practised in the United States to-day, where the main event is to please the Telephone Company by Calling Mother—Wherever She May Be. At any rate it did not make a harmless impression on the Venerable Bede, going admittedly on hearsay evidence. He refers with "suspicion" to the "ceremonies which in that night-long vigil they performed," and you sense his fingers itching for a Sunday newspaper in which to make a frank and fearless exposure of disgusting goings-on.

As long ago as 1890 the Scottish railwaymen had a big strike for Christmas, and the French idea of a Christmas present to Alfred Dreyfus was to start him off for Devil's Island on that date. And all this, mind you, despite the fact that Goodall's of London had been making cards with robins on them ever

since the Christmas of 1862. Looking over the records, you begin to realize that about the only thing that cannot happen to you on Christmas Day is to get legally hanged—not, that is, if you remain within the British jurisdiction.

Fortunately I was in a position to gain, in quite early life, an idea of just how un-Christmasy some people can be. In a village we lived in, in southern England, there was a vicar who simply loved Christmas. He spent whole days working on his Christmas Day sermon. Most of his congregation were shopkeepers who relied on an increase of trade at that season, and he enjoyed telling them that every penny they took in as a particular result of Christmas buying was a sin and a mocking travesty, and as for such special offenders as stationers selling Christmas cards and poulterers selling turkeys, they ought, he suggested, if things were properly managed, to be hounded out of the Church. In case non-shopkeeping elements were feeling at all smug he would read out the probable menu of everyone's Christmas dinner, writhing and appearing to be nearly nauseated at every item. He could make mince pies sound like a surfeit of lampreys and larks' tongues.

Another rather un-Christmas type was a friend of my father who used to take his large family to Switzerland every year—travelling on Christmas Day. In vain his children pleaded and protested against this practice—why did they have to miss all the fun?

He would say "But don't you see, everyone else is trying to be somewhere on Christmas Day, so the trains are absolutely empty."

"But that's just it," they would scream, "we don't want to spend Christmas in an empty train in the middle of France. It's not suitable. It's not what Christmas is for."

But it was no good. While everyone else was rejoicing cosily, tearing open presents and eating and drinking in lush comfort, this unhappy family was trundling through the Valley of the Rhône eating the P.L.M.'s idea of a Christmas meal, and glared at by waiters who themselves wanted to "be somewhere" on Christmas Day.

"Isn't this pleasant?" their father





"Look out, Perkins, we're being slipstreamed."

would say. "Hardly another soul on the train."

All this prepared me for some very un-Christmasy Christmases later on. One of them, and I would say the most searing, I shared with a dog which had once been the property of famous American journalist Dorothy Thompson but had been given to me because it took a dislike to her new husband, famous American writer Sinclair Lewis.

The dog, an ungainly Airedale which looked like the Mock Turtle in *Alice in Wonderland*, had apparently esteemed the first husband but did not so esteem Lewis. Or else he regarded Lewis as the breaker of a home to which the dog had become comfortably accustomed.

This Airedale followed Lewis about like an angry detective, literally dogging his footsteps in what at first sight looked like devotion but was really hatred. Every now and then, exasperated, possibly, by the man's vigour and well-being, the dog would lose command of its temper and bite either Lewis or one of his friends. That was how he came to be left in my care during Christmas, in Berlin.

It was a horrible Christmas for the dog because just at that time I had entirely run out of money and was living chiefly on expectations of a cheque from the United States which never came. To begin with, the dog fed fairly well because the butcher round

the corner from the Kurfuerstendamm always had a pile of scraps—offal, bacon rind and the like—which he gave me free when I bought meat for myself.

But on Christmas Eve when everyone I knew had left town for the holiday, I found distressingly that I had only just enough money to buy a couple of drinks and some tobacco.

Feeling very low, mentally and morally, I went to see that butcher and told him that I was, of course, invited to eat Christmas dinner with friends, and therefore did not wish to buy anything for myself, but was anxious that the dog should have a particularly good Christmas dinner. The kindly butcher made up an unusually large and nasty-looking parcel of scraps which I took home and cooked. The dog watched me with satisfaction.

But the next day at noon, when he saw me carefully divide the mess into equal portions and put only half of it on his plate, his disappointment and indignation knew no bounds. At first he watched me with an expression of sheer incredulity.

Then, when he saw me actually dig my fork into that portion of the dinner which I had reserved for myself, he got up and put his forepaws on the table and threw back his head, howling in astonishment and despair at the pass things had come to.

From the Chinese

The Lost Lands

I OFTEN wake
In the cavern of night
When nothing stirs
But the ducks on the river,
And I think, I know not why,
Of Latvia,
Of Lithuania,
Of Estonia.
These lands lie
To the West of Russia;
Four hundred miles they measure.
From North to South.
And what, I wonder,
Is happening
In Latvia,
In Lithuania,
In dear Estonia?

Much is written, and said,
Concerning the sufferings
Of tiny islands
And diminutive lands,
The sorrows of Cyprus,
The misery of Malta,
The agony of Israel,
The guilt of Goa,
The mind of Malaya,
The soul of the Sudan.
Nothing is said
Of the longings of Lithuania,
The liberties of Latvia,
The emancipation of Estonia.
How blows the wind there?
Are they happy? Are they free?

There are in the capital
A Lithuanian Legation,
A Latvian Legation,
An Estonian Legation.
Do they give parties
With vodka and caviar?
Do they dance sitting down
To salute the Revolution?
Who knows? Not I.
I never visited
The Latvian Legation,
And now, I dare say,
I never shall.

A. P. H.



Eric Sargin

No Joke!

By G. W. STONIER

"I MUST"—comes the fluting voice—"I positively *must* have a snowstorm!"

The enthusiasts round the window press nearer. It isn't the better kind of joke shop, being one of a line of booths on an old bomb site: I come on it, garishly lit, among sea-fern products, nylons, French paste, and the like. The Joke Shop proper would be well established (1875 or thereabouts), gravely situated. On this side might be found a scientific instrument-maker's, so that from the contemplation of prisms and sextants one moves on to Live Snake; on the other, issuing from Insurance, one would pause to consider the claims of Itching Powders and Rubber Chicken.

I goggle. Long, long ago I adored an ink blob; with its tangible gloss, it seemed to me the most beautiful thing in the world. I carried it with me, since one never knew when it might be wanted, in an envelope. My ambition was to situate it on a large white table-cloth—together of course with an inkpot fallen or straight—and to lurk under the table. Gratifying indeed would be the gasp or shriek with which at last it would be discovered. Footsteps would scurry away; then, with the field clear, I would nimbly remove bottle and blob (for often I was provided with both), and again conceal myself, this time nearer the door. I don't know that this ideal concurrence ever arrived. My Spilt Ink got scratched—quite enough, I found, to banish illusion, though still at moments I would fetch it out to admire its good side.

Ink is here; so are Beetle in Tea and Fly on Sugar. Bed Bugs are classic, the only trouble with them being that not enough people seem to notice. (But that is an after-laugh, too.) Matches won't light, cards change their spots, chewing-gum snaps at you (after my time), cobras wait to be fluted to, buttonholes squirt, buns squeak, cushions — very regrettably — creak. The cheese triangle is so exactly the real thing that one may presume this to be the natural end of all cheese triangles. Boiled-egg slice also has a predeterminate look. "Put it in the salad"—quite—"but keep an eye on it"—not so easy, particularly when the shrimps

and the jam spoon need watching too. (Ah, high tea!)

Everything is lying in wait—keyrings, cups, cigarettes—with a growl or a hop, a shudder, a bang, a mere refusal to perform some expected function; and the commoner the object, the greater the shock.

"Snowstorm!"—it's that high, agitated gentleman again, with his fluty voice attuned no doubt to the cobra—"I *won't* be put off!"

"But, Julian," hisses his bearded companion, "you've already had six this year."

"This is for David's poetry reading."

A scrum of schoolboys, who have managed to wriggle their way in, point

at Stink Bomb (Grade A) and rush inside. The rest of us close up, huffed, intent on resuming our study. No bookshop or wine-store could boast a more earnest clientèle. I begin to dream of cobras in hotel bedrooms; I am swept away by the possibilities of Protruding Toe—an entry, say, in full evening dress, Toe first . . . It is a very loud, an insufferable toe.

Then there is the Genuine Walnut Shell which, when split, will reveal "a beautiful young lady in her birthday suit, having a bath." Several youths ahead of me seem drawn, while professing an interest in The Foolish Pen. Will it split? Did not Sir Jeffery Hudson make his fortune with Charles



"This one's for an older child, and works by remote control."



the First by stepping out of a pie? True, he measured only 18 ins. He further distinguished himself in two duels, one with a turkey-cock, the other with the man Crofts, who made the mistake of arming himself with a squirt and was shot dead for his humour.

Will the walnut split? Perhaps it's like any other walnut, and that's the catch.

The two dilettantes couldn't, with a shrug, care less. The one with a ginger beard—is it real?—is trying to urge on his companion Broken Windows. Such *éclat!*! But no. There may be persons—burglarious or paranormal persons—for whom it would be the very thing: not for him.

Amid so much that shocks and assaults I am surprised to pick up a running appeal to bashfulness. The Lovers' Fun Card Set, "designed for married and single," will enable any

young couple seated on a sofa to exchange cards instead of words. "If you are too shy these cards will Y-E-L-L for you." Here, in fact, are the adjuncts for a perfect courtship. He has made his mark with Big Chest, Monocle, or whatever it may be; a roll of Stage Money—"guaranteed to make a good impression"—will have been laid on a side-table. She, seated on the sofa, quite dazzles with her Cupid's Bow or Smoochy Lips (again the individual touch) and, of course, screen Eyelashes.

At once he catches her sympathy with a Bloody Finger. She arranges a bandage, but again and again it will fly off. Or would she be more tempted by Nail Thru Finger, or Severed Finger "faithfully copied from a genuine original"? Then, as she feels a little faint, he will revive her tenderly with his Shower Button Hole.

So romance ripens. No chance will

be missed. One day it will be a Zip Banana, the next a Revolving Bow Tie or Extruding Tongue. His Vibrator Handshake never fails to communicate power.

When he writes to her—which he does every day—a butterfly will flit out of the unfolded paper.

One night—Cat Tail dangling from pocket—he places her hand on his chest: the commotion there is much enlivened by a Heart Palpitator, which has also served at supper for making the plates lift. A pinch of Sneeze Powder will have served its purpose (two for a kiss!); the chapter in the booklet on Magnetic Eyes will have been well studied; and then comes the moment to which all this has been leading up.

He hands her a cup of tea.

Sugar?

She nods.

In goes the sugar lump; and after a while there will float to the surface a Wedding Ring. He points to it, waits . . . What girl—especially one whose lover has swallowed razor blades and performed on the Zoo-phone—could resist? Provided, of course, she takes sugar.

Meanwhile, outside the Joke Shop, the dilettantes have plumped for a Nose-drop, a Bloody Dagger, and a Snow-storm—just a teeny one; newcomers are warming to Sooty Soap and the Dehydrated Worm; I turn away to face a world grown doubly fallacious. Can this passing plum-coloured visage under a bowler hat be real—is the hat? Are stubby fingers, cane and gloves, teeth—no, that deception long ago ceased to startle—cigar—which for all I know may be pouring out Arabian Night Incense . . . Oh, I'll be lucky if I get home to collapse into a chair that will collapse under me!

* * *

"Members of Parliament could never agree with the Editor of *The Times* when he seemed to think they had been given a raatbewarmearm eeddndwesohi—and there were members who had paid a terrific price to get into the House, and who had no other sense than that of a vacation. Democracy was something to be safeguarded and sheltered, not to be cast about to the highest bidder. They should occasionally pause, ponder and consider their answers."

The Times

If any.

Gobble, Gobble

GOOD morning. It is indeed pleasant to see such a full attendance for this lecture on the Christmas Turkey. Presumably you all have our standard cookery book *Plain Food for Plain People* on the desk before you . . . what was that interruption? Some of you have only been supplied with copies of *Through Darkest Soho With a Tin-opener?* Well, you must make the best of it, though in Soho a knife-proof waistcoat would probably be more useful, ha, ha! To show you what you are up against we will first mention that the turkey is a tyrant in the kitchen. For fifty-one weeks of the year a kitchen belongs to whoever cooks in it. Circumstances may oblige a cook to take in temporary lodgers only remotely connected with the work of preparing food, but however many coils of barbed wire, golden hamsters, saddles, or pots of size may find a home inside its hospitable walls, the principle holds good; the kitchen is the cook's. But when the Christmas Turkey arrives the situation changes, and until its bones are finally broken down and rammed into the stock pot the turkey rules the kitchen.

Financially speaking there is a theory handed down from the days of the Incas . . . well, if not the Incas, whoever first put turkeys on to the import programme; and by the way, historical pedantry is out of place at a cookery lecture . . . there is a theory that a turkey is an economy. Nothing could be less true. There is too much on a turkey to start with, and then just when it has settled down as an apparently limitless source of food it becomes a fleshless skeleton. This usually happens on that mobile extra Bank Holiday that floats round Christmas Day, and trips up the cook like a bucket in a dark passage.

You have now been warned that a turkey is an awkward and expensive customer, but if you are still prepared to build your Christmas dinner round it, first of all make sure that the model you choose will fit into your oven. Seldom does a cook look more foolish than when dishing up a turkey that has had to have the legs sawn off. For those who live in a town the turkey is ordered and arrives. It is as simple as that. But

in the country matters take a different course, and it is often that tennis balls have to be fielded from the coop where the mother of one's Christmas Turkey is dozing. (Talking of dozing, will her neighbour please rouse that student in the back row?) In any case the arrival of the turkey is the moment when preparations for Christmas cease to be a laughing matter. "Dressing" is the first step, and this is where all cooks should take a firm stand. Ignore that recipe which in the manner of Ophelia urges the chopping up of twenty different herbes or in the manner of Verlaine incites one to see the chestnuts in *court bouillon*. Any ham-fisted fool (present company included) can take a packet of that magical stuffing which opens out like Japanese flowers, and with that and a layer of sausage meat make a positively rococo underpinning for the main body of the bird. Then there is the time element. For those of you who can do simple arithmetic, fifteen minutes to the pound and fifteen minutes over is a fair rule, after having swaddled the bird in greased paper, but those who are hazy about figures are recommended to shove any moderate-sized bird into the oven at breakfast time and take it out when the paper has blackened and the company is baying for dinner. There was once a tense moment when a thoughtful child of seven rose at six a.m. and,

before opening his stocking, went downstairs and turned on the oven of the electric stove. By breakfast time the main fuse had blown, and few sounds are less Christmas-like than an emergency electrician's reading of the Electrical Authorities' warning that "all work will be charged at double rates and overtime." However, as a certain air of faintness is spreading across the room we will assume that the turkey is done to a golden turn, only waiting to be dished up, and let me wish you all a good dinner uncomplicated by the crisis which overtook a friend of mine. At the last moment, when a far from congenial family party were seated round the table, she discovered that her cook had incapacitated herself by polishing off the bottle of port presented to her earlier in the morning. Unable to leave her guests she hissed through the kitchen door: "Dish up that turkey or you leave this house never to re-enter it and I shall probably shoot you as well."

V. G. P.

Extreme Penalty

"The trial board of the North-West Synod of the United Lutheran Church last night found the Rev. Victor Wrigley, 39, guilty on five of six counts of heresy. It recommended that he should be suspended from his pulpit at Gethsemené Church, Brookfield, Wisconsin."—*Daily Telegraph*





KAYE'S BIRD OF PAROXYSM
(*Quodlibet quodlibet quodlibet*)

This ludicrous fowl not only possesses a wide range of extraordinary songs of its own, but also spends much time imitating the other denizens of the jungle. In spite of this it is highly esteemed by the intellectual.



MARLON-CAT
(*Felis brandi*)

Outstanding among the Californian tiger-cats, the Marlon is a proud but unpredictable beast. It may be found soaring to great heights, but a streak of ambition sometimes causes it to fall into a trap with unexpected ease (see Desirée, etc.).

BOGART-HOUND
(*Cynis morosus*)

A beast of uncertain temper, responding now to the call of the wild and now to the Bacall of domesticity.



CALIFORNIAN SCREEN-BEAR
(*Koala tracyi*)

This little beast is of a deceptively friendly appearance. It may commonly be seen slouching about the set, its forehead wrinkled in a quizzical pattern; but when aroused by some injustice it sometimes gives vent to furious outbursts of jiu-jitsu.



The
fish.



A GROUP OF LONG-LEGGED ACTOR-BIRDS
(Peck's stork and Cooper's crane)

The wilder parts of the West are well stocked with these tall, impulsive birds. They are relentless in their search after their prey, and, in spite of their impulsive, swift and sure at the kill. When killed themselves, they die with great heroism.



BLONDE POUTER
(*Columba monroi*)

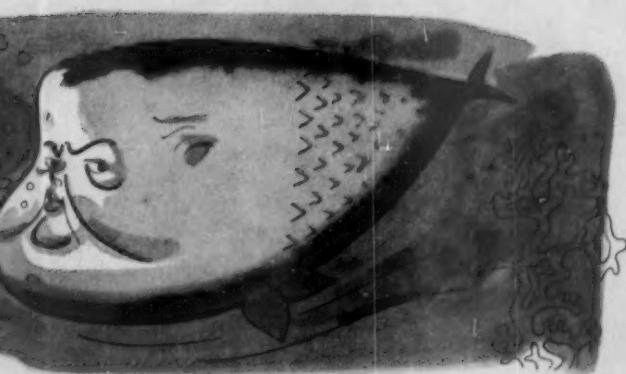
The exceptional development with which Nature has blessed this engaging little creature might seem at first sight too exaggerated to be of any practical use, but investigation shows that Nature, as so often, knew what she was about.



PERENNIAL HOOFER
(*Capra agilis astairei*)

The Perennial Hooper is a fleet and agile animal, delighting in built-up stages, staircases and other unlikely locales, and surmounting their heights with sure and graceful movements. It lives to a considerable age, remaining active long after most of its contemporaries have retired.

Hollywood Fauna



ORSON WHALE
(*Physeter versatilis*)

This imposing creature is frequently mistaken for a big fish. It is of a ubiquitous nature, and lives on praise.





Something for Everyone

HOW exciting Stackley looks now that the festive season is truly upon us! The carnival note is happily struck in the side window of the off-licence in Canal Street, where used Empire burgundy flagons have been tastefully arranged in two pyramids, each topped by a cardboard star with the message "Join Our Xmas Club" in red, green and white. Beige woolly rabbits peep among the bundles in the window of the Elite Laundry. Mr. Lord in Armpit Lane has draped real tinsel among his ladies' high-heeled shoes. And all along the High Street, from the Methodist Sunday School right up as far as the Citizens' Advice Bureau, all is similarly bright and seasonable. A veritable Scrooge indeed would be he who did not feel his heart lightened by a stroll through Stackley on this Christmas-tide.

These thoughts came to us as we made our annual tour of the shops to note down some last-minute gifts for those of you who have left things rather late. Why go to Town? was the first thing

that struck us. For here in Stackley there are presents to suit all tastes, and plenty of boxes to put them in. Here goes, then, with our findings!

Odd lengths of *Floral Lino* are a speciality at Higson's, at prices ranging from 17s. 9d. to 19s. 11d. They are well worth inspecting, as in some cases they have been rolled so that the crack does not show. Ideal, these, for anyone desirous of something to stand on when washing up. Or what about a *Government Surplus Ladder* (buyer's risk) at only 8s. 4d.? These are always handy, and take next to no time to erect.

For those who bicycle in the rain, *Waterproof Bicycle Capes* are well-nigh indispensable, and Higson's can do you one that is really two gifts, for after a few wearings it will be ready to be cut up to line larder shelves (3s. 11d., or 2s. 11d. with zip). Brittle *Plastic Beakers* in pea-green or mottled blue (9d.), detachable-head *Hammers* (3s. 6d.), slightly chipped *Fireproof Glass Casseroles* at a shilling over the marked

price, *Flypapers* that will keep till next summer in their well-printed cardboard containers (5½d. here, 4½d. up the road)—these are just a few of the presents that are simply waiting to be snapped up in this cosy, well-lighted shop. The wrought-iron *Oil Stove* in the corner, unfortunately, is not for sale.

Have you a literary friend who would relish a good read? What about *She Got Him Guessing*, remaindered at 2s. 6d., the only *Stiff Backed Book* in Midgley's Radio Parts & Stationers? For lighter tastes there is a little-known series of *Adventure Books* at 8d. each (*Daredevil Harriet* and *At Bay in Naples* were two that caught our eye), while a box of half-price back numbers of *Home Companion* and *Modern Poultry* would provide a bundle of absorbing fun for anyone over thirty. Here too you can procure festive *Wrapping Paper* in a range of three colourful patterns—"Easter Chicks," "Happy Birthday," or "Midgley's For Value."

If you know anyone with a wireless, she would certainly love one of

Mrs. Midgley's *Dry Batteries*, for Mrs. Midgley promises on her honour to change it if the holes are too small for the plugs or it is the wrong shape to go in the set. (Check list prices carefully.) Or, as Mrs. Midgley herself puts it, does anyone ever really have enough *Cheap White Envelopes*?

But enough of "sensible" presents. Let us be gay! Let us cross the road to Dainty Dinah's and see the *Dress Shields* (extra strong, 4s. 11d. a pair, white or flesh). For sheer crazy luxury, what better than the "*Kashmere*" (*Regd.*) *Sweaters*, all one size and only a guinea, with near-matching cardigans at the same price? "*Kashmere*" Knitwear has the fashionable "sloppy" look, with amazingly low-set sleeves, wonderful cuff turn-back, and an eye-catching dip at one side-seam; the garments keep their shape however hard you try to coax them out of it, and a twin-set would last some lucky person literally a lifetime. Then there are the 15-denier *Nylons* with exotic black heels and seams—and some with little gold butterflies just above the ankle. Ideal for the whist-drive and dance in the big room over the Co-op on New Year's Eve. Reduced to 10s., and only two pairs left, size 11, so hurry.

If you are looking for *Soap Mice*, J. Lugg, M.P.S., has eight left over from last year—five brown, two dark

green, and a black one with a slight split in the stomach. There is also, of course, your favourite brand of *Toilet Soap*, amusingly "got up" in holly-covered boxes at twice the normal price—just the thing for any of your friends who are at all well-groomed. But the best buy here is undoubtedly Mr. Lugg's own brand of *Sheep Dip*, which, as he shrewdly points out, carries no tax. An economy tin costs only 4s. 1d., and there is 3d. back on the tin if you remember the screw-cap. For relations with sheep, this is a "must," as it both disinfects and cleanses, as well as having an elusive smell. For good measure why not throw in with this two of Mr. Lugg's *Felix the Cat Face Flannels* at 8*4d*?

Finally, here is a random list of smaller gifts which are truly individual. (Details of prices, where obtainable, etc., sent free on request.)

Last season's *Lettuce Seeds*, in gaily coloured packets.

Dear little *Pottery Faces of Stalin* for hanging on the wall, with or without calendar.

Shop-soiled *Tooth-brushes*, with hole for hanging up.

Glossy Photos of Lord Mountbatten, Mabel Pickles, or Foxhunter.

Handles for Mops, with large nail for knocking in.

Gentlemen's Neckties, embroidered with the name of your choice.

Pictures of Polperro done in coloured silver paper by an ex-serviceman, in gilt frames.

Rubber Heels, with glue for sticking on.

Vouchers entitling bearer to four shillingsworth of goods from the Stackley Motor-bike Mart.

Plastic Holly Brooches.

Ash-Trays with humorous mottoes for the W.C.

Wool Knickers for the fuller figure, with elastic, in various pastel shades.

Good hunting, then! And when your feet begin to swell, remember to drop in with your parcels at the Elizabethan Serve-Yourself Tea Bar adjoining the carpet-sweeper department in Oglethorpe's Stores for a nice hot bacon and egg sandwich and a fourpenny mince-pie. You'll be ready for it.

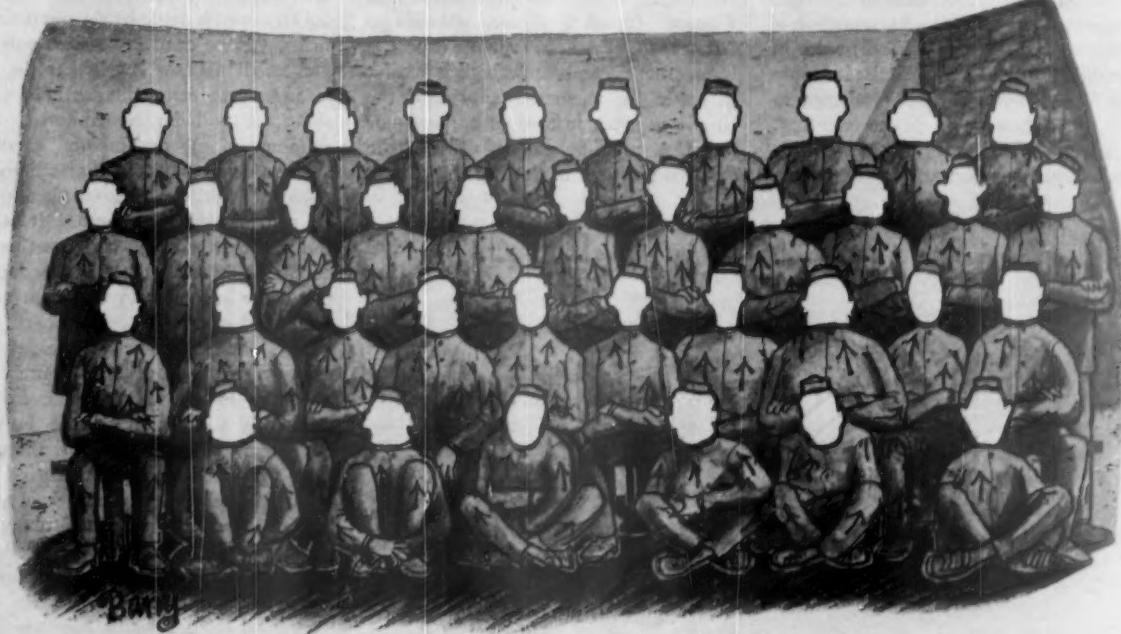
ALEX ATKINSON and AND...



Civic Record

"Here the party was greeted by Mr. Stilgoe, City Water Engineer, and his assistant, Mr. Davies, and then driven to the replica of the Liverpool Castle which was erected by the late Lord Leverhulme. Photographs of the ruins were taken, including those in the party."

From a Merseyside Civic Society Circular





ONLY ten more days, and Christmas shopping has become a blood sport: an eye for an eye in the umbrella department, a toe for a toe in the crush around the cards and wrappings. Women by now have made all their important purchases, and are more or less spent forces. It is men who put off buying until the last, subconsciously governed by the same theory as that letters left long enough need never be written. It works with letters, but not with Christmas shopping; on the cruel contrary, the longer you leave it the more you panic into paying in the end. And the end is now. Therefore, presents for men to give women is the burden of our message.

Mrs. Lena Jeger, M.P., recently stated that it is a sad woman who buys her own perfume. With six hundred and six honourable and gallant gentlemen in the House Mrs. Jeger should be all right for scent this Christmas; but let us have no sad women in the constituencies either. Choosing scent is not difficult or dangerous. Women do, in fact, like trying different kinds; it is only that few are sufficiently purse-happy to pay for their own experimenting. "Dare you wear *Mink*, the world's most disturbing perfume?" Of course

she dares. She would dare wear *Skunk* if she were given it in an expensive looking bottle. No one really wants to be mousey about her perfume, it is simply that courage costs cash.

No need, then, to know the kind she always wears; enough to know her personality. Perfumes with a flower base are not necessarily unsophisticated. Indeed, *Arpège*, a classic, includes jasmin, Bulgarian rose, camelia, and wild lily of the valley. *Rumeur*, an urbane perfume to go with furs, includes iris and jasmin. On the other hand, *Zibeline*, originally created to wear with sables, belongs to the spice type, piquant and provocative. France's latest creation, *Poivre*, is perhaps more accurately described as condiment than spice. *Flèches* and *Tweed* are open-air and sandalwoody; *Chypre* is for the sultry, not the sunny, personality; *Femme* will bring out the old madam in one who has long thought to retire from the fray. What subtleties distinguish *L'heure Attendue*, *L'heure Bleue* and *Moment Suprême*? only the expert in big moments can tell; perhaps it is safer to settle for the snob appeal of the simple number instead of a name—or for the price-appeal of *Joy*, "the costliest perfume in the world," which,

as a guide, costs £12 18s. 9d. an ounce.

Another perfume by a famous house appears this Christmas as a sachet packed with two pairs of nylon stockings; but its name is *My Love*, which surely restricts its potential receivership—not a good solution, for instance, to the problem of director to secretary. Other nylons are embalmed in strong Cellophane boxes with a posy of flowers for the corsage, the boxes themselves making permanent files for the stocking drawer. There is a well-known precedent for this:

*Mr. Knox
Kept his socks
In a pale pink chocolate box.*

The Knox hosiery was, of course, very special:

*Orange socks,
With spots
And clocks . . .*

On the whole, the best gift nylons are those of the "stretch" variety, which are now made by several different firms. These are in two sizes only; all you need to know is whether the lady is an approximate Clementine (whose shoes, it will be remembered, were number nine) or merely small-to-average. Do not fear that nylons, or nylon nightdresses for that matter, will be considered utility gifts. It is the thought that matters, and the thought of a man braving the lingerie departments for her sake never fails to touch a tender heart.

The fashion umbrella escapes the utility slur because it is purely an accessory to the silhouette, even less frequently unfurled than the Foreign Office gamp. Why then do shoppers always insist on seeing them in full rig? —a quirk which makes cowards of us all in this most distracted of shopping pitches. The tall, lean umbrella is still fashion's favourite pet, although stumpies are reappearing here and there, and the telescopic handbag type



are well received by those who go by tube and bus or suffer any other kind of cramped space travel. Umbrellas can now be bought with alternative screw-in handles: a good set would be one bamboo handle, one leather-covered, and one ebony. Less expensively, one brolly can have several coloured covers; while spare covers alone make token gifts for the already well embroidered.

A handbag should only be bought in full knowledge of the recipient's way of life, her clothes, her comings and her goings-on. There are some excellent specialist's jobs: the overnight brief case for the woman of affairs; the smaller brief case, in coachhide or black leather, which folds to make a neat flat pochette; the ingenious compendium handbag which incorporates such devices as magnetic clips for lipstick and perfume bottle, a removable vanity case fitment, and electric bulbs for lighting the interior and the mirror. For evening dress, the beaded, sequined, or embroidered ditty bag, Victorian shaped, is much the most commodious and convenient; it can be hung on the wrist when dancing, knocked off the table without spilling.

It is, however, the touching little cherishings, the precious inutilities, which fulfil most hearts' desires: things which come in little boxes. Jewellery, this year, whether precious, semi-precious, or demi-semi-precious, is pretty rather than handsome; vivacious, not bold. Costume gilt is filigree or mesh, allied with pearls or coloured glass; evening necklaces are designed to fill the whole décolleté. The newest small pieces are tassels of pearls which can be pinned to collar, lapel or waist. Beads are still abundant, but the long necklaces of half-sucked sweets are finished now. Choose waterfalls of bubble beads, composed of six, eight, ten or more graded rows.

No one can, these days, have too many bracelets—the more on one wrist the merrier, all chattering together. A lover of charms and chains will appreciate a birthstone bracelet, incorporating her lucky stone and other symbols of the month; but less star-tossed types will prefer the dignity of a jewelled handcuff. Choose stud earrings, rather than danglers—drop-earrings, at any rate in daylight, endanger loss of something, call it caste. There is endless diversity in studs: the cheerful vulgarity of gilt



"I fancy Father Murphy has mine and I his."

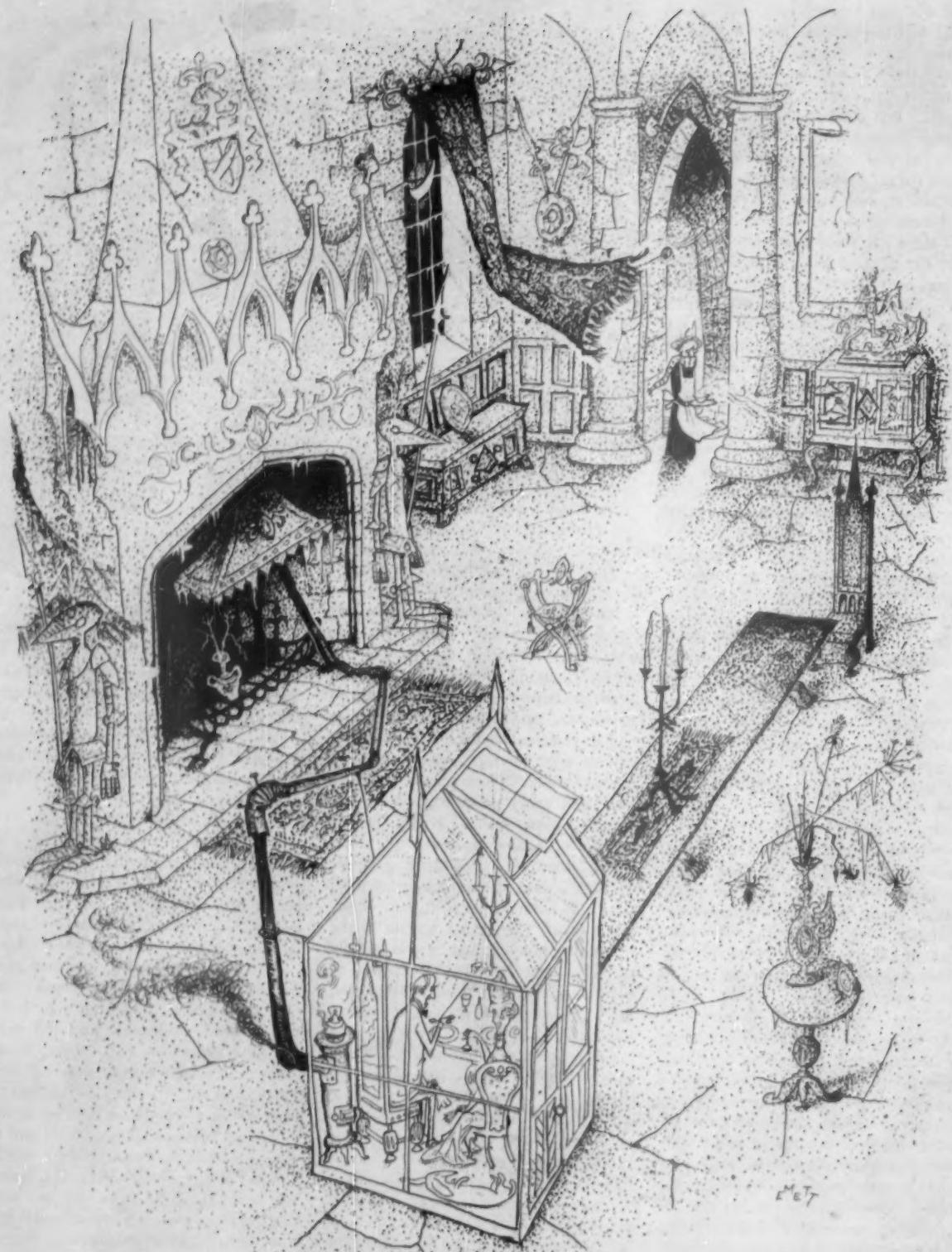
circles enclosing coloured ju-jubes; the false innocence of great big dimpled pearls; the golden leaf or silver flower which charmingly encircles the lobe. All the rage, the outrage, are earrings made of mink. These ensure, at 15s. a pair, that every woman can have her touch of mink—just as Nellie Wallace had her little bit o' vermine.

For hostess presents, domestic wrought iron is the contemporary cult: flowerpot holders, tongs, trivets, chestnut roasters. A further tribute to the welcoming hearth could be handsomely paid by a pair of bellows. After wrought-ironmongery, come bamboo, basketry, and wickerage: branching bamboo candelabra, bamboo flowerpot troughs, magazine holders; wicker-handled iron candlesticks. Candles themselves are chic in black, or seasonable as snowballs, oranges, Christmas trees. Big square pillar candles glow as the flame burns into the centre and last for fifty hours. Wooden angels from Austria are impressive in massed order on the counter; but the single spinster angel, even though she carries a candle and sports a halo too, does not make much of a show

on her own. Again, all the wooden whimsies, gnomish elfinry and mountain twee-dom, lose their character in English homes. The reason we bring in holly, it is said, is to subdue the house-goblin—so why import these naughty little men?

When all's said and done, for the Christmas table there's nothing like crackers, and plenty of them. The guest with a load of crackers is a guest who shows himself prepared for what may come. Good snaps, mottoes, and caps . . . double contents, hats and trinkets . . . indoor fireworks, rhymes and riddles . . . it is these which make the port go round. Half-forgotten, half-remembered, riddles are ever old and, to a fresh generation, never stale. What is the difference between a dead bee and a sick elephant? One is a bee deceased, the other is a seedy beast. What is the difference between a spendthrift and a pillow? One is hard up, the other is soft down. When is a lady not a lady? When she's a little pale. If you can laugh at these you can laugh at anything. And you can, at Christmastime.

ALISON ADBURGHAM



The Living Lute

By GWYN THOMAS

I SHALL try, said Teilo Topliss, to explain my versatility as man and reciter. You know, I've promoted so many tears in Mynydd Coch the place is practically a marsh. As a spreader of pathos I come a good third behind such things as the strategems of age and the malicious antics of the grim reaper. But to achieve this you've got to tighten your emotional washers to a point where your every gesture, twitted eyebrow and inflection can put a whole rowful of people out for the count. It takes training, a pinching of the heart into the right artistic shape by the subtle careful fingers of oneself, those you love, helped on by the crude fist of chance itself. Just consider my beginnings.

It was during what they call the first of the world wars. I and my friends Beynie Bluett, Melbourne Mills and a few others, who sang in the male voice party they have in that club they call "The Thinker and the Thrush," had volunteered and been rejected for Army service in the early days of the fighting. "Topliss," the doctor told me in the most thoughtful voice I had ever heard, "Topliss," he said, "to admit you boys to the conflict would be as bad as sending a birthday card to the Kaiser. They can hear your nerves twanging like harps on the other side of the Channel and the tune is not one of the brighter ones. You are so light you would need two comrades or a lead girdle to keep you in the trench, and it would be more treacherously revealing than Verey lights to have you floating out every whistpoch." And then he slipped me a few of those weights to start the scales working.

So, having heard that fine song "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and fancying myself as a sprinkler of paraffin, I started a concert party which became one of the most popular in the valley. I was the central figure because I was the one with the acting talent, but I owed a lot to the splendid voices and sad faces of my seven assistants, especially Beynie Bluett and Melbourne Mills, whose average expression would, by contrast, have made a cow look blithe.

After a while we came to concentrate on a series of dramatic sketches meant to inspire audiences and get morale in the

zone stiff as a board. I would appear as the mayor of a Belgian town and my seven friends would have spiked helmets on to look like Germans. They took a bit of getting used to because the Germans we had got these helmets from had heads so big they had to be measured by Krupps for a first fitting. Beynie Bluett especially was a sight, for Beynie is a short voter and he looked like a bat under a belfry. The boys would also be belching and looking brutal and breaking into snatches of the German national anthem and baiting the mayor and urging him to take just one false step. Of course I had a speech in which I said I would fight to the end for the Allies, mentioning Mynydd Coch as one of the places that would stand fast with Belgium to stem the tide of arrogance and militarism. This angers the Germans because they have to stay quiet while I am making this speech, and they condemn the whole Council to death. We all leave the stage while the pianist, that pale fastidious voter, Festus Phelps the Fancy, begins a quick medley of allied anthems and a few Welsh songs to thicken the mixture. Then all eight of us march on, our hands tied behind us. The boys have laid aside their spiked helmets and are now with me on the Council and doomed. They are wearing the black trousers and smart white shirts they wear as members of

that male voice party in "The Thinker and the Thrush."

I make a speech about the dignity of man and the certain triumph of freedom written especially for me by that glowing humanitarian in the Library and Institute, Iolo Livesy the Lamp. Melbourne Mills and Beynie Bluett are the two cowards on the Council, and when they come on they are bent almost double by fear, but by the time I finish they are as erect as the best of us, and the audience is always impressed by the sight of these two rising like little tides on the stage as their heroism climbs to noon. We refuse the proffered handkerchiefs, and when we do this there is always a shushing and muttering as ushers go around explaining this manœuvre to people who have led sheltered lives in Mynydd Coch and have never given serious thought to firing squads and have had only conventional truck with kerchiefs. To calamity, in a broad, untidy sense, they have given a lot of attention, but not to specific conscious acts of fiendishness. Then we sing the Marseillaise and the whole audience, choral to the last gasp, is on its feet joining in. Then Festus Phelps strikes a series of brisk tattoos to suggest gunfire. We fall, me last—and this is one of the very few occasions on which a mayor lags behind, because the way I fall is a treat and worth watching in





isolation. I do this too to take away the effect of any grossness which might be seen in the rather brusque clowning way in which Melbourne Mills and Beynie Bluett, buffoons at heart despite their surface seriousness, go to the floor.

We whipped up a tremendous fervour with our performances. Every time we appeared there would always be half a dozen young lads who would throw up their jobs in heavy industry and make for the front. Various voters appealed to me to tone it down a bit because they claimed that if I drained any more men from the local works there would be such a crisis of shortage in coal and steel the Allies would be driven back on dried ferns and flints.

But I was in high passionate vein and my portrayal of heroism grew more varied and urgent. One night a mighty concert was given to advertise the fact that an aristocratic lady of the region was among us to give real dignity and direction to the charitable efforts then mounting in the zone. She took a fancy

to the sketches we put on. As we finished one after the other she rose to her feet and cried "Bravo, bravo!" a cry not often heard in Mynydd. At the interval we were invited to an ante-room and there, still tense and noble from our act and rubbing shoulders with all the dignitaries of the place, we drank champagne for the first time in our lives. We heard the noble lady tell me that with the passion of my face, the light in my eyes, my obvious belief in the allied cause, I could well become the Joan of Arc for whom the anti-German camp was waiting. "But," she kept saying, "your light is being frittered away under the depressing bushel of Mynydd Coch. You should be infusing the inspiration direct into the boys over there who are sorely tried." After three glasses of champagne I was giving her back all those bravos.

The champagne flowed briskly. It seemed to sadden Melbourne Mills and Beynie Bluett and they went into a corner and kept singing "O Frynau

Caersalem" in low voices, and the noble lady said she wouldn't be surprised if these two boys didn't turn out to be what was wrong with the national effort.

The noble lady insisted that we do two of the sketches again to open the second part of the programme. She was in tears at each of the climaxes. So were we. We were so moved we almost forgot to drop when Festus Phelps rattled on the piano to provide the tattoo of death. A dozen young men in the audience stood up and demanded to be enlisted. A recruiting sergeant appeared from somewhere and as we were leaving the stage we found the noble lady pressing us into a small procession that was being formed by these voters.

The next day we were medically examined, all eight of us in my dramatic group. Success must have done us all the world of good, or standards must have been scaled down in view of how quickly a modern bullet can put an end to all types of fitness. We reminded the doctor, quietly but obstinately, of the long catalogue of failings he had hung around our necks the last time we had submitted ourselves. But he said we all had the fine, small, wiry technique that makes the world's best infantrymen, and he said he had met Gurkhas in India who were the very twins of Beynie Bluett in appearance, and of Melbourne Mills too, and he advised these two to put in some special practice with the longest possible knives and the shortest possible paces.

But I made the best of it. I decided that I would go right to the top because a lot of voters came up to me and said I had a natural air of command. I got out a few books on military strategy from the Institute but found the plots and style a bit dull after these tremendous items we performed on the stage. As a further step on my way to the top military rung I borrowed the poked cap of my cousin Ceiriog Slatter the Slots, who went around in this cap collecting pennies from the gas meters. Wearing this headgear I would go into Galeazzi's catering shop and stare at myself in the mirror, wearing the sort of tense look that seems to go with hats of this sort and having requests from cynical voters as to how things were going with Marshal Topliss.

We went off to camp. The training did not inspirit us. The instructor did

not take the same urbane view of us as the doctor, and he said that if we looked close we would probably find that our admission slips had been signed by Ludendorff. And when Beynie told him that he and Melbourne had been described as being of the natural Gurkha type he kept them crawling about in long grass for such periods I looked forward to getting to France just to be able to have a good continuous view of Beynie again. On our last night at the camp, sad as we were, we took a vow by the light of some ale and two candles, to prove the instructor wrong and to achieve the same glow of glory on our first contact with the Germans as we had done whipping up the voters in Mynydd Coch.

We had a rough crossing from Dover and we all looked and felt like eight brothers of Jonah but drabber, being in khaki and completely out of touch with miracles. We kept together as a group in some dark part of the ship, singing funeral hymns and meaning every word, and switching now and then to "Lead Kindly Light" whenever the ship seemed to turn completely over, and seeing ourselves in shapes that had nightmare written all over them. We were examined by an officer as we moved into Dieppe, and we could see he was wondering whether it wouldn't be neater and wiser to dump us overboard there and then before adding such a collection as us to an already tangled situation in North-west Europe.

We met an old friend at Dieppe, Caleb Monk, who at one time had been conductor of the Mynydd Coch Orpheans. Caleb was looking sad and frustrated. We had known him years before as a very good ostler in the Mynydd Coch Steam Coal, and he had actually lost the baton with the Orpheans because he would sometimes single out somebody who was a bit off the note and treat him with the kind of rude approach he should have kept for the horses. But he was a great friend of animals, if abrupt with choristers, and he was a success as an ostler except when he would be overcome by sympathy for the dumbness of his charges. He would stare at them for hours on end and sometimes one of them would up with a hoof and help Caleb out of his reverie the quick way. In those days he was a pacifist and had been rebuked by the manager for

reciting whole extracts from the speeches of Lloyd George in the Boer War period and putting the ponies, lovers of a simple acceptance, off their oats. Caleb changed his views at the same time as Lloyd George and had rushed to France. His movements as an active soldier had been slow and naïve, so everybody was glad when Caleb was switched to the care of horses in Dieppe.

We settled down to a night in a tavern. We drank wine and sang much. Caleb groaned as he recalled the dreams of peace that had cushioned his thoughts as a lad. He cried out his apology for having helped induct such sweet pacific animals as horses into the squalid pattern of violence. We went through the hymn tunes of our childhood and

we were told by the landlord to cry away from the wine because the combination of salt, grief and the brand of grape he was currently using he would not wish on a dachshund, which is a kind of corgi, but dark.

Then our desperation edged into an heroic mood. We went through all the rousing pieces we had sung under Caleb's baton: "Martyrs of the Arena," "Crossing the Plain," and every piece we could think of that featured serene resignation or delighted butchery of the foe. We wanted then and there to make some decisive thrust at the enemy that would get the whole matter cleared up and ourselves back in Mynydd Coch, for which Caleb was obviously pining.

We left the tavern and under the



influence of the music and the wine we started shouting, quite sincerely, such slogans as "To the front," "I'r Boche," "Where are the Huns?" "Let us at them," and so on. A security officer, tone deaf, suspicious and generally down on Celts, thought we were a group of satirists letting it rip against the Saxons and trying to slow down the war effort by using these axioms of hate in a context of buffoonery. He ordered someone with keys to march us off to the lock-up, and to keep us there until we learned a quieter and more poker-faced approach to what was going on in that area.

We might have landed up in that gaol for a stretch, but it appeared that at that very moment the Germans staged a big push and every available man was required, and in a flash we

found ourselves in a train for the front. We had a compartment to ourselves and we were joined by three lads who turned out to be very good baritones from Merthyr Tydfil who also had six bottles of wine—parsnip wine with an atomic snort to it which was the speciality of their part of Merthyr.

Caleb had boarded the train with us, and after the first moment of confusion on finding himself headed away from the horses he entered into the spirit of the thing. We did some of the finest singing heard in France. Our best item was that soldiers' chorus from *Faust*, and we took the paint off the woodwork with the heat we put into the words about "And ready to fight, and ready to die for Fatherland . . ." The boys from Merthyr gave us inspired assistance and Caleb had never conducted better. We

were happy. The thing had happened as our hearts had said it should. No more dawdling. We would be put off at some spot where our men were slowly beginning to crack before the remorseless grey tide and our little platoon from Mynydd Coch, shouting and singing, would rally them for the last decisive stand.

The journey was very long. The wine finished and we grew drowsy. Caleb became fractious and bitterly reminiscent about his days as a pacifist, and if Beynie Bluett had not given him a quiet tap with a wine bottle he would have given us the whole of a speech made by his idol in 1901.

Then we took a good look at the landscape. It was quieter and less disordered than it had been. We began to ache. For hours we had been tensed to accept some glorious and suffering climax. Then we noticed various voters in the fields we passed through wearing small, flat, grey caps of the sort we associated with Germans.

We never saw the front. The station at which they had intended setting us down for the last stand had changed hands, and we went right to Germany and a prisoner-of-war camp. We landed there in time to take part in a camp concert and, thinking that that sketch about Belgium and the Marseillaise would give offence, we sang and stuck to "Martyrs of the Arena," which deals with a dead epoch, and lions, which are against all men. We also did "In the Sweet By and By" and got a great reception. A man's first duty, and probably his last, is to show a bit of tact. But there is no doubt that those wonderful moments in the train, full of music and a mighty resolve to flinch from no sacrifice, did much to make me the rounded reciter who marched off with the gold medal for the senior recitation in the Mynydd Coch semi-national in 1919.



"Now that's what I call negotiating from strength!"

"So far, their new drug, given by injection, has been tried out only on guinea-pigs infected with T.B. But the experts are confident that it will work well with HUMANS, too. And one of them—Professor Sydney Rubbo, 43, Dean of the Department of Bacteriology at Melbourne University—said yesterday: 'I would give it to any of my four children now if I suspected them of having contracted TV.'—*Daily Mirror*

Science strikes back.



"A fine time to tell me now that your little girl is missing."



emilby.

**Plus Tax**

THE Government, it is rumoured, is toying with the idea of a general sales tax. Mr. Gaitskell, who knows that the economic experts of the Treasury have been toying with the idea for years, believes that the Chancellor will adopt the scheme within the lifetime of the present parliament. Mr. Butler refuses to commit himself, though in defence of his recent extension of the purchase tax he has suggested that his successors in office may some day be grateful to him for this preparatory broadening of the scope of indirect taxation.

A general sales tax would of course be resented and opposed by the Left as a contravention of Daltonian principles. According to text-book theory all taxes are unjust unless they are graduated, unless they demand equal sacrifices from all taxpayers. The mite extracted from the poorer contributors to Inland Revenue must be matched by swingeing levies on the rich. The Socialist goal "To each according to his need" is still fog-bound at the other end of the field, but its corollary, "From each according to his capacity to pay," remains a canonical ingredient of the Snowden-Cripps-Gaitskell dialectic.

A sales tax has become feasible for two reasons—because the redistribution of real national income (through taxation and the Welfare hand-out) has now evened out both need and capacity to pay, and, secondly, because ease of collection has assumed paramount importance to an Exchequer that annexes and disposes of some forty per cent of the country's pay-packet. The levy operates successfully in many other countries, notably in Canada and the United States. For a time, while the tax element in the new retail prices sticks out like a sore thumb the scheme is regarded with hostility and—as with purchase tax—many would-be buyers exercise their right to emerge empty-handed from the market; but the

universality and inevitability of the impost soon overcome this passive resistance. Moreover, the sufferer can easily be fooled into believing that his burden of direct tax is lighter than it might otherwise be. The poor bemused sap comforts himself with the actuarial fiction that he is losing less on the swings than on the roundabouts.

* * * * *

Holders of shares in building and ancillary industries have become justifiably windy of late. The cut in the housing programmes, the credit squeeze, rising costs, and the increasing use being made of "non-traditional" methods in factory construction have depressed many sections of the market and caused nervous investors to brood unhappily on the possibility of a genuine slump.

There is no evidence of a slowing-down in the industrial building

programme; on the contrary more and more firms seem anxious to expand and extend before prices get completely out of hand, and their plans must be considered inflationary. But a reduction in council house building from some 240,000 to 150,000 a year seems certain to reduce the activity and profits of certain brick-makers, contractors, timber merchants and manufacturers of tanks, cisterns, plaster-board, cast iron equipment and metal windows. Whether the losses can be made good by work on slum-clearance sites (850,000 houses are scheduled for demolition and replacement) and factory development projects remains to be seen. The cement manufacturers, concrete and construction engineers and large contractors such as Costain, Bovis and Taylor Woodrow should manage to avoid trouble; but others may feel the pinch. Pinch—not slump.

MAMMON

* * *

and the roots so tough I believe you could make rope out of the former and a calabash pipe out of the latter.

With this background of perennial failure I was more than irritated the other evening to dine with a neighbour who only recently settled in the country, and to find that the celery at his table was as good as his Stilton. It was as celery should be: crisp in the stalk; hard, but not tough in the root. He told me that he'd grown it himself. Knowing him to be a mere novice at gardening, I found it distinctly annoying to have to sit there and listen to the boring details of how he grew the stuff—especially since his method was precisely the same as mine. And I told him so rather shortly.

"Ah," he drawled, "what you countrymen forget is your country adages!"

"Eh?" I half expected him to launch into some nonsensical diatribe about the efficacy of planting with a rising moon.

"Isn't there a saying 'Celery is not fit to eat till there's been a frost on it'?"

"I have heard it, of course," I admitted grudgingly. "But I don't believe such nonsense."

"The proof's in the eating."

"But you can't have had a frost on this," I countered. "We haven't had one yet; we're far too near the sea to get one before January."

"True, so when the gardener brought the celery in I had it dumped in the deep freeze for a couple of days. You know, you countrymen should learn to take your folklore seriously."

RONALD DUNCAN

**The Proof of the Celery**

I HAVE a weakness for crisp celery. For the last ten years I've been trying to grow some without success. It's not that I've failed completely. One could hardly do that because it's a very hardy plant which will thrive under almost any conditions.

Every spring I buy a hundred plants from a nurseryman and dibble these into a trench about a foot deep which has previously been filled with well-rotted farm manure and finely sifted soil to cover it. So long as the summer is not too dry the young plants go ahead without trouble. Caterpillars don't seem to bother them. An occasional dusting with lime keeps off the slugs. About August I start filling in the trench to earth up the plants, which has the effect of bleaching the stems. By September my celery is ready to eat, that is theoretically, that is if your teeth are as strong as a crocodile's and you've got the digestion of a Spanish mule. As I lack those two convenient attributes my crop of celery usually finds its way to the pigs. For the stalks are so stringy



At the time of the Mid-Ulster by-election last August it was suggested exclusively in these pages that it might well turn out that not only one candidate but both the candidates were disqualified from sitting in the House of Commons, and now that is what has happened. What is the good of trying to keep up with the absurdity of politicians? People have sat in Parliament before now when they were not elected and have sat there when they were not qualified. But Mr. BEATTIE wins outright our Christmas Award for the first man ever to have sat in the House of Commons when he was neither elected nor qualified. The great prophet of

democracy said that you could not fool all of the people all of the time. It seems that he had not heard of Northern Ireland.

The Front Benches have been so often criticized for getting together where it was merely a matter of defending their own restrictive practices that it is only fair to give them a pat on the back—indeed to give the whole House a pat on the back—for restraint in the Cyprus debate. Mr. MACMILLAN, it now appears, stands for self-government now and self-determination “some time,” and Archbishop Makarios for self-government now and self-determination “at some fixed time in the future.” The British people notoriously dislikes foreign ecclesiastics who interfere in politics—unless, of course, like Archbishop Damaskenos, they interfere on the British side—yet the difference between the two parties is, as Mr. MACMILLAN says, “narrow.” And just as a joke in Dr. DALTON’s mouth was said to be no laughing matter, so a narrow difference with Mr. MACMILLAN is not necessarily bridgeable. For manners sometimes unmaketh man. Yet it will be a tragedy if out of such a narrow difference a running sore of guerrilla warfare is allowed to develop.

Love is a Wonderful Thing

It is true that some Conservatives are restive about giving way. Captain WATERHOUSE, refurbishing his Suez armour, returned to battle. But there is at least this difference between Suez and Cyprus; the Greeks did fight on our side in the war and are now our allies. The general run of the debate was that there was concern about this and that—particularly about the Turks—but that, if the Government can announce a settlement, there is no doubt that the House will overwhelmingly endorse it. Indeed all finished with an unusual love-duet between Mr. LENNOX-BOYD and Mr. MIKARDO on the theme that the battle is between the Government and the extremists for the minds of the moderates. Then Dr. SUMMERSKILL wanted to know what dose of concentrated beer would be fatal, and Mr. HEATHCOAT AMORY advised her to try and see—another love-duet.

The figure of Miss HORSBRUGH, a wraith in whom there is no guile, hovered over Tuesday’s debate on Teachers’ Superannuation. It was the threatened revolt of a number of Conservatives over her bill in the last Parliament which cost her both the bill and the job, and she flitted in and out of

the back benches on Tuesday just to see how Sir DAVID ECCLES was getting on and to remind him of what might happen if he made a mess of it. But Sir DAVID has no intention of dying yet awhile. Whatever his faults, lack of self-confidence is not prominent among them. There had been certain mutterings of revolt against the new bill, but they did not amount to much. They amounted, in fact, to Mr. JENNINGS, the new Conservative Member for Burton, an ex-headmaster, who made a brave protest against his party’s bill and voted against it. Courage and independence are always to be praised. Yet Mr. JENNINGS put it a little oddly when he said that he had to choose between his party and his profession. Is our only choice a choice between one group loyalty and another? Yet Mr. JENNINGS is a very new Member.

Mr. CHUTER EDE on the other hand



Mr. Griffiths on what to do with Cyprus

is a very old Member, and he should have known better than to quote in the House a second-hand account of another Member's private telephone conversation—and that apparently without notice to that Member. He richly deserved the rebuke which Mr. MAUDE very properly delivered to him.

Rules of order, of course, would not allow the Socialists to vote for higher National Assistance rates on Wednesday. They therefore concentrated their attack on the delay of ten weeks before the rates come into force. Mr. PEAKE in his reply made the point that whenever the Socialists had increased rates there had always been a delay of at least that length. It was, he said, administratively inevitable. It was an effective Parliamentary answer to Socialist criticism, but it was an exact example of the unsatisfactoriness of all such merely Parliamentary debating. No one seriously imagines that the Socialists manage these things better than the Conservatives. What many people are by no means sure is whether they are managed by either party as competently as they should be. To the stilling of that doubt this game of pot calling kettle black makes no contribution.

High Level Bomb-store

Meanwhile in the Lords Lord FRASER wished to store all the hydrogen bombs in some deserted part of the world—Mount Everest, Basutoland or the Sahara—where only officials of the United Nations could get at them. Why not Outer Mongolia while he was about it? If the United Nations cannot rule Outer Mongolia, then let Outer Mongolia rule the United Nations. Lord LUCAS did not like noise when it was made by American aeroplanes, and Lord JOWITT did not like the Buxton Memorial Drinking Fountain. Lord MOTTISTONE and Lord ESHER on the other hand liked it very much. It was "gay, fanciful and unforbidding." (Lord MOTTISTONE.) It was "already admired by Mr. John Betjeman" (Laughter.) (Lord ESHER.)

The Minister of Health answers questions about heroin on Mondays and the Home Secretary answers them on Thursdays, and the trouble is that the Minister of Health answers them much better than the Home Secretary. Indeed, if only Westminster were a Rolls-Royce factory, the rest of the Treasury bench might go on strike against the way that the Minister of Health answers questions. It is not for laymen inside or outside the House to say whether heroin is on occasions a medical necessity or whether there is an

adequate substitute for it. The issue is simply that there is a representative body of medical opinion which thinks that it is medically necessary. It misses the point for the Home Secretary to say that medical opinion is not unanimous in favour of it. The question is whether the Government ought to prohibit its manufacture before medical opinion is virtually unanimous against it.

Nor is there really very much in the argument that we have an international obligation to ban heroin. In other countries heroin-addiction is, it appears, more widespread and more difficult to control than here. But there seems no reason to think that we in this country cannot effectively control its export or that a very limited manufacture in this country would add to the problem of addiction in other countries. The Government is very ready to reserve the British position on numerous other problems of international co-operation. Why should one Internationale of heroin alone be honoured?

Low Level Tributes

Yet the main business of the House this week was the business that was not there. It was Mr. ATTLEE's week. At the end of questions on Thursday Mr. MORRISON, as acting-leader of the Opposition, rose to put the customary business question to the Government. He was received with loud, friendly and ironical cheers from the Government back benches. In the middle of those cheers Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL for the first time this autumn slipped into the House and took his seat below the gangway. The cheers redoubled, and when shortly afterwards the Prime Minister, Mr. MORRISON and Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES rose to pay their tributes to Mr. ATTLEE, there were many who hoped that Sir WINSTON might have joined them in a few felicitous words. They were indeed needed, for the official tributes were singularly barren and banal affairs, utterly innocent of any feeling for phrase. But Sir WINSTON preferred his silence.

The House returned to its pedestrian business of finance. There were Members scuttling in and out on the Socialist side, pulling one another by sleeves, Mr. BEVAN offering to withdraw, Mr. GAITSKELL on the Opposition Front Bench, pretending to attend to the debate and from time to time shaking his head at Members who lent over and asked him a question. The business of the House went on as a kind of unconsidered background to these more urgent conversations, and at the same time the House of Lords were

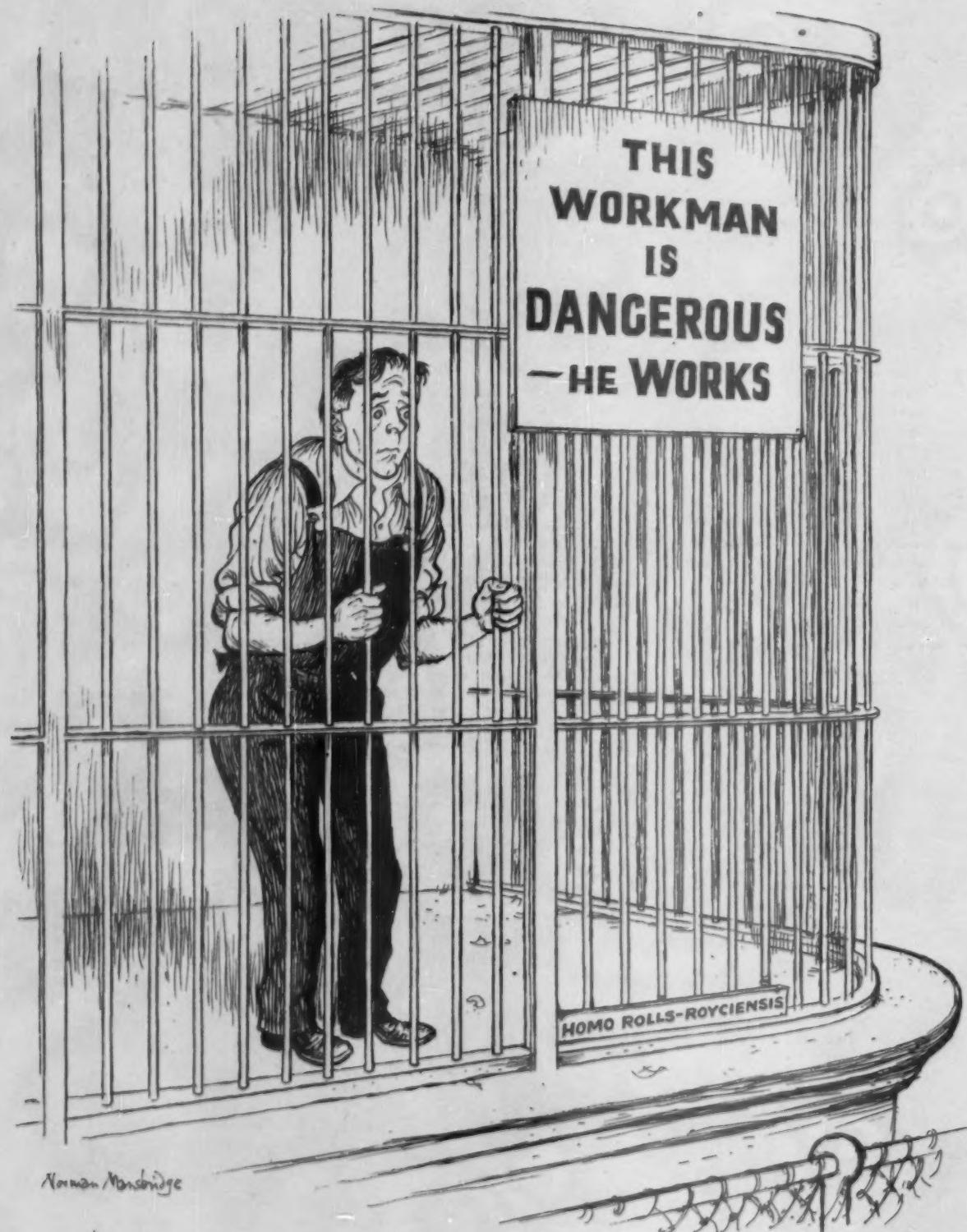


Sir David Eccles encounters an apparition
(Miss Horsbrugh) from the back benches

considering whether or not "goods" include "baggage."

Those who have followed Mr. ATTLEE and those who have fought him, those who have laughed at him and those who laughed with him, will alike join to drink for Mr. ATTLEE *ad multos annos* —to much happiness, many crosswords, a few gardenias, much doodling and a plethora of exciting Test matches.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



Norman Mervin



BOOKING OFFICE

When Kiplin Smote 'is Bloomin' Lyre

Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Work.
Charles Carrington. Macmillan, 25/-

IN producing at long last the "authorized" biography of Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Charles Carrington is in a somewhat delicate position. It is no secret that the task was originally entrusted to Lord Birkenhead, from whom, after much time and labour had been spent on it, and many individuals now dead interviewed, permission to publish the manuscript was withdrawn. In fact Lord Birkenhead must sometimes have felt:

*Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand . . .*

Mr. Carrington was, therefore, obviously, in the situation of a man who had to walk delicately; not a happy state for any sort of writer to be in—least of all Kipling's biographer.

Let it be said at once that, up to a point, Mr. Carrington has done a first-rate job. The narrative is admirably handled; the complicated and extraordinary story of the quarrel with his brother-in-law, when Kipling settled in Vermont, is told with clarity and precision; the pirating of Kipling's works by supposedly respectable American publishers is recounted briefly, yet with proper emphasis; the stages of Kipling's development as a writer are excellently suggested; the criticism of the writings is, in general, just.

In spite of all this the essential Kipling escapes us. We know more detail about his life, it is true, but little if anything more about the man. Is that Mr. Carrington's fault? Certainly it is not entirely his fault; but his tact, geniality and essential good manners have done more than a little to blur the edges. Good in themselves, these qualities are inappropriate to the subject in hand. To give a concrete example of this blurring process, Kipling took a dislike to T. E. Lawrence on meeting him and described him as "half-baked"; but all Mr. Carrington

records regarding their meeting is that Kipling did Lawrence some small service about a publisher, and said of him that he "fusses about himself too much" and that there "must be a woman in the background." This is fair to neither.

On the other hand, Kipling himself was determined that nothing intimate should be known of him if he could help it. He made things as difficult as



possible for a biographer. He destroyed all his parents' letters—those parents in whom some clue to his own strangeness is no doubt ultimately to be found—and did everything in his power to hide anything but the most formal picture of himself. The legend of Indian blood is obviously without the smallest foundation, yet some odd heredity must have produced so odd a man.

Kipling always seems to me the same kind of writer as Shakespeare. By this I do not mean that Kipling was an equally great writer, but that his way of looking at the world partook of the same God's-eye view of the universe. It seems peculiar that so many reputable critics should have supposed that, with Kipling, a new Dickens or Balzac had entered the literary arena. Kipling had, of course, little or no gift for writing

novels, as such; although, in spite of the general lack of esteem in which that book is held, there are many interesting passages in *The Light that Failed*.

He was a poet and a short story writer. Perhaps he could have written plays, though there seems no reason to think that he was ever interested in dramatic art. All these three forms of writing are really enemies of the novel. Kipling, like most, if not all, poets, was too subjective, too wholly concerned with himself, to observe the niceties of individual character—at generalizations on character he was, of course, brilliant—necessary to a novelist of any standing.

Like all great writers, Kipling says one thing in one place, and the exact opposite in another. This again is partly his lack of objectivity, partly a reflection of the myriad contradictions of human life, that a great writer is trying to convey. The "liberal" view of Kipling as a coarse, vulgar jingo is in certain minor aspects true, in more important ones utterly false; and it must be remembered that the "liberalism" of that period was, in its own manner, at least equally vulgar, and in many ways less perceptive in the light of subsequent events. For example, Kipling wrote of the Boers in 1901: "They want to sweep the English into the sea, to lick their own nigger and to govern South Africa with a gun instead of a ballot box." Who, looking at contemporary South Africa, would entirely disagree with this judgment?

Personally he was a modest man—and he did not mind being laughed at. His friendship with Henry James (who was best man at his wedding) is notable, as one might have supposed that no two natures could have been more antipathetic. "His talent I think quite diabolically great," wrote James. We may agree—and hope that one day something further may illuminate the man himself. In the meantime we are grateful to Mr. Carrington. Moberly Bell, by the way, was manager, not editor, of *The Times*.

ANTHONY POWELL

Aspects of Love. David Garnett. Chatto and Windus, 8/-

Mr. Garnett's *No Love* (1929) was a small masterpiece of letters, and his new novel, a late-comer from that vanished Bloomsbury era, belongs beside it. *Aspects of Love* is an intrigue of age and youth, of the seduction of innocence by experience. It is as urbane and fortuitously knit as any eighteenth century social comedy, but one in which absolutely no one's morals are unimpeachable, and where the patronage of Bacchus and the shade of Rabelais persistently flourish.

The central figure is Sir George Dillingham ("fairly rich, and a poet"), an Edwardian *bon viveur* still in his vigour at seventy-odd; the women around him are Rose, a dashing French actress, his and her daughter Jenny, and an Italian countess. His young military nephew Alexis undergoes a sentimental education at everyone's expense, while a third nondescript lover mauders in the background. Pitched rather high among the passions, their idyllic adventures à six cover nearly a score of years and a great many of the vagaries of the human heart. They are finely observed, and *Aspects of Love* has the quality to be expected from Mr. Garnett; it lacks, however, the

redeeming fantasy that he alone could have introduced.

P. A. D.

The Quiet American. Graham Greene. Heinemann, 13/-

The narrator is a hard-bitten British foreign correspondent in Saigon. A campus-democrat on the staff of an American mission is trying to build up a third force against both the Communists and the imperialist French, and provides bombs for a war-lord with a wide-eyed ruthlessness that merely blinks when these kill civilian shoppers. The narrator commits a crime to prevent further crimes. Not to commit one would be criminal and the further crimes will not be prevented anyway. Any action is wrong and makes matters worse; inaction is also wrong. Despair is complete; there is no longer, as in the early novels, a vital disgust that might generate enough energy to wipe out its cause.

Mr. Greene used to express his sense of the shortcomings of the world by emphasizing signs of physical deterioration; the keyword was seediness. Now there is no hope to test actuality against, and he abandons the slightly unfocused vision, the forced feverishness, for a sleek, readable story-telling that is almost deliberately glossy, as though to set off the completeness of man's ethical impotence.

R. G. G. P.

Before I Sleep. Peter de Polnay. W. H. Allen, 12/-

Mr. de Polnay is always at his best when writing in the first person of a cosmopolitan milieu or charting the graph of an unhappy love-affair; and in his latest novel—stylishly deft and ironical, with elegiac overtones—all three elements are successfully combined. Both the excruciating boredom of Aix-les-Bains and the romantic squalor of Montmartre in 1934 are vividly conveyed; while the figure of Julie, the salamander-girl, elusive, buoyant, burning indestructibly with her own bright flame, yet unwittingly the destroyer of those who step within the charmed circle, is presented with rare sympathy and understanding.

The course of the story—skirting the edge of melodrama, in its closing sequences, with a trapeze-artist's adroitness—remains as unpredictable as the enchanting heroine herself: the author's great skill in characterization being fully displayed in his portrait of the exuberant, elephantine, bridge-playing mother to whom Julie periodically returns whenever the impact of reality has shattered the crystal of her imperishable dream.

J. M.-R.

John Evelyn and his Family Circle. W. G. Hiscock. Routledge and Kegan Paul, 25/-

The writer has pounced on papers newly come to light in an Oxford library to work off something like a grudge against the famous seventeenth-century diarist. Admittedly there always was something too good to be true about Evelyn and here is proof of a fatal

tendency to put just that equivocating twist on events that might nurture the good opinion of posterity.

None the less, however, and in spite of his intolerable floods of pietistic exhortation, it remains true that Evelyn was generous to his relatives, that his uneasy long connection with Margaret Godolphin did remain platonic, that he stayed at his post in the plague year when all his fashionable world was being evacuated to safety, that he was a lifelong friend of fellow-diarist Pepys, and best of all that by any standard he was a first-rate gardener.

As a family chronicle this book is rather an unhappy affair, dominated by shameless kowtowing to influence in a search for lucrative sinecures, and even more in an age of swinging epidemics and quack medicine, by a crying need for penicillin.

C. C. P.

AT THE PLAY

Hamlet (PHOENIX)

PRAVDA has had its say about PETER BROOK's Hamlet, and now we must have ours. Except at a few points our fur-hatted colleagues seem to have been pretty well on the target. They considered the production surprisingly stark, but that's a difference of tradition; if GEORGES WAKHEVITCH's gothic vaulting was a special product for air travel, like a parchment suitcase, there is no indication of it. It goes on being interesting, and its soaring geometry lends itself easily to quick changes of scene which often come simply from a fresh angle of lighting. Mr. BROOK is out to tell the story rather than to please the German professors in a straightforward Hamlet with no esoteric undertones to suggest that the Prince was the victim of malnutrition or that Horatio was really a woman. But though common sense is to be applauded, it must be admitted that subtlety has suffered.

PAUL SCOFIELD's original Hamlet at Stratford seven years ago (with DIANA WYNYARD as Gertrude) was an exceedingly intelligent beginning, handicapped a little by mannerisms, but emotionally remarkable for so young an actor. Now he has gained in authority, both in his command of affairs and in the assurance with which he delivers the soliloquies. This is a firmer and bigger Hamlet; it is also curiously sombre and unvaried, scarcely conscious, it seems, of the ironies in the character. Intensity of feeling is there, but the speculative Hamlet is over-ridden by a not so very divided young man burning with revenge. And Mr. SCOFIELD, who can speak verse splendidly, breaks it up here into his own rhythm and has an awkward habit of letting his voice rise into a sudden shout. Too good Hamlet to be dull for a moment, it is not the whole part.

I disagree with the fur hats about Miss WYNYARD, to my mind a most plausible Gertrude, young enough to fit



Hamlet—PAUL SCOFIELD

the mathematics of the marriage (a point generally forgotten) and very moving in the Arras scene. MARY URE's bright promise in *Time Remembered* has been rashly rewarded; she is not yet ready for Ophelia, though she makes a brave show of the mad scenes. ALEC CLUNES' Claudius raises again the question of what sort of faith a man must have to justify fratricide and at the same time apparent kindness. This is one of the most difficult balancing acts in SHAKESPEARE and though I could listen all night to the beauty of Mr. CLUNES' voice it is hard to associate him with the murder of a fly; he makes a majestic King, but one whom I would trust implicitly. As a faithful study of senility, without caricature, ERNEST THESIGER's Polonius makes small impression. MICHAEL DAVID's Horatio and RICHARD JOHNSON's Laertes are both good, and for once, in JOHN PHILLIPS, we have a ghost whose voice is not filtered through ectoplasm and who is excused from the long-held stage belief that bronchial asthma is a heavy addition to the astral burden.

The fringes of the acting show no particular distinction. It is by no means a dazzling production, but one well worth seeing.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

For family outings *Salad Days* (Vaudeville—18/8/54) an intimate musical, and two light comedies, *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker* (New—1/6/55) and *Lucky Strike* (Duke of York's—21/9/55).

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES



Les Diaboliques *An Alligator Named Daisy*

THESE news reports that people have fainted while watching *The Fiends*, or *Les Diaboliques* (Director: HENRI-GEORGES CLOUZOT), smell to me of having been assisted by a wish for publicity—or on the part either of the people concerned or of the advertisers of the film, or both. I regret them, because to the casual reader they put the film in the wrong class, and encourage a crude dismissal of it as merely a horror piece, merely an unpleasant shocker. Certainly it is a horror piece, and a very skilful shocker: the suspense, as I observed last week, is hypnotic; and certainly at some points it is not at all pleasant. What I wish everyone would realize is that it has considerably more to offer than this.

The story is difficult to describe because it leads up to a "surprise ending" of the O. Henry sort; and it is a pity that even this fact has to be mentioned, because the mere knowledge that there is to be a surprise ending will almost inevitably make the more restless-minded members of the audience try all the time to puzzle it out (partly in order to be able to say afterwards that they



Mme. Delassalle—VERA CLOUZOT

M. Delassalle—PAUL MEURISSE

did). I was lucky enough to see it with no preparation whatever: the final shock came to me quite out of the blue, rounding off beautifully the narrative in which I had for nearly two hours been utterly absorbed.

It is a question of an elaborately-planned murder. The sadistic headmaster of a small school near Paris, whom we have seen being brutal to both his wife and his mistress, is to be drugged and drowned in a bath, his body afterwards being put into the school swimming-pool for later discovery by somebody who will suppose he accidentally fell in. The strong-minded mistress is the guiding spirit; the wife, who has a weak heart, is continually having to be kept up to scratch. All goes as arranged—until the moment for discovery: when the pool is drained, the body is not there. From this point, the tension mounts almost unbearably. Things happen that suggest the man is still alive; one of the schoolboys is certain of having seen him. With the wife, we watch with an exaggerated sensitivity each empty vista in the darkened school . . . expecting some horrible phantom to appear.

It is a different kind of suspense from that in the same director's *Le Salaire de la Peur*, contrived with equal brilliance. And as I say, the picture has much more than suspense and horror: it has characters of real individuality, and the scene (both at the school and at the provincial boarding-house where the fell deed is done) is full of imaginative detail, from the first shot of a lorry as it splashes through a puddle in which is a paper boat. SIMONE SIGNORET as the cold-eyed mistress, VERA CLOUZOT as the appalled wife, PAUL MEURISSE as the deserving victim, and CHARLES VANEL as the Maigret-like old ex-police-inspector who upsets the plan all do admirably, and the whole thing is a satisfying as well as intensely gripping experience. I don't think you will faint.

The story of *An Alligator Named Daisy* (Director: J. LEE-THOMPSON) is based on that old and rather mechanical formula for comedy, the introduction into everyday life of some outlandishly incongruous phenomenon. A few weeks ago a minor French film showed a young man's difficulties with a pet seal in the home; here, no less awkward and much less endearing, the young man's burden is an alligator.

That is the substance of the film. But in the bad old way of British film-makers years ago, they have shovelled in various out-of-key effects in the absolute confidence that if the audience is kept entertained from moment to moment it won't trouble about or even notice any change of tone. So JEAN CARSON, in the middle of a quite naturally-played scene, suddenly looks into the eye of the camera and goes into a song-and-dance to the music of an unexplained orchestra; and later there is a scene with HARRY GREEN (whose name doesn't even seem to be mentioned in the credits) about song-writing in Denmark Street—funny, but a completely self-contained revue sketch, with no reason to be here at all. There are good things in the film, but it's a jumble, strictly for the unthinking.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Showing with *La Strada* (7/12/55) is an excellent little short-story film written by WOLF MANKOWITZ, *The Bespoke Overcoat*. A notable new one: MACKENDRICK's *The Ladykillers*, *Cockleshell Heroes* (30/11/55) continues.

Only new release noticed here was *The Virgin Queen* (19/10/55), bravura performance by BETTE DAVIS. *Wichita* is a good Western. *J'Avais Sept Filles* gets a circuit booking by dint (I suppose) of being unusually corny for a French film; but it has good moments.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Drama for the Million

"THE B.B.C.'s search for new television plays written specially for the screen is continuous and unremitting and increasingly successful in that some fifty per cent of the Drama Department's output in the past three months has consisted of such new material." Increasingly successful? According to *Radio Times* the highlights of these three months of new drama have been the *Makpeace Story*, *The Man Who Stroked Cats*, *The Hole in the Wall* and the science-fiction serial *Quatermass II*, and I invite viewers to compare the pleasure afforded by these items—considered *in toto*—with that dispensed so lavishly by one minor classic, Bridie's little masterpiece, *The Black Eye*.

My criticism of the drama department is not that it tries desperately hard to discover new plays (an essential aspect of its work) but that it should consider fifty per cent of its "discoveries" fit for public exhibition on the television screen and adequate replacements for the accepted classics. If the drama department had three services at its disposal (corresponding to sound radio's Home, Light and Third) then perhaps the current liberal use of new and untried material might be considered reasonable. But there is only one B.B.C. channel, and this must cater for the masses, the millions, for an audience hungry for dramatic entertainment and entirely uninterested in experiments. For most viewers TV offers no higher, more rewarding or uplifting experience than successful drama, and when it presents less than the best the B.B.C.'s culpability is staggering in its impact.

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The drama department should realize that it does far more for drama by entertaining and educating the multitude with recognized winners than by screening the indifferent works—however experimental—or untried playwrights.

Bridie's *The Black Eye* was superb. Its humour depends more on facial expression and the softly spoken aside than on stagy gesticulation and the full-throated roar, and here it was played almost entirely in close-up. A raised eyebrow, a curled lip or a tightening of a maxillary muscle was made to speak volumes. Campbell-Logan's production and Jack Notman's designs could hardly have been bettered.

The players quite obviously enjoyed themselves. Bridie's dialogue is easy on the tongue, melodious and concise, and almost every exchange is charged with wit or verbal by-play. James MacTaggart as George, and David Kossoff as Samuel Samuels, were brilliantly funny as the drunken ne'er-do-wells, and were

admirably supported by the whole company. Among the bit-players Meg Buchanan and James Butler excelled as landlady and hotel waiter.

Max Beerbohm's short story *A. V. Laider*, adapted for television by George Kerr, was less successful. Like much of Max's work this polite and good humoured skirmish with palmistry is trifling, negligible. In other hands it would also be tedious, but the writing is so graceful and stylish that the thinness of the underlying idea does not quite ruin the entertainment. Richard Hurndall and Keith Pyott exuded faded charm in appropriate measure, and Victor Menzies and Frederick Knapman set the scene with customary skill.

An I.T.A. screenplay, *The Last Reunion*, by Kenneth

Hyde, gave us drama on a much lower plane. Here a very strong cast—led by Eric Portman, Michael Gough and Duncan McIntyre—struggled abortively to inject tension into a stock and shop-soiled dramatic situation. They could do no more than go through the motions, mouth depressing driblets of R.A.F. slang and soap-box philosophy, look unnaturally cheerful or heavily ruminative, and hope for the best. The result was unbelievably tiresome.

Television often disappoints, but from time to time it manages to compress half a dozen programmes of exceptional merit into a single evening. Between eight and ten o'clock the other night we were introduced to Keith Miller, Jack Fingleton, Peter May, Humphrey Lyttelton, Peter Ustinov and Yehudi Menuhin—all of them at the top of their form. A breath of Australian summer, trumpet, clarinet, dogs, Ustinov and delicious mime, and finally a session of Menuhin and stringed genius. Riches. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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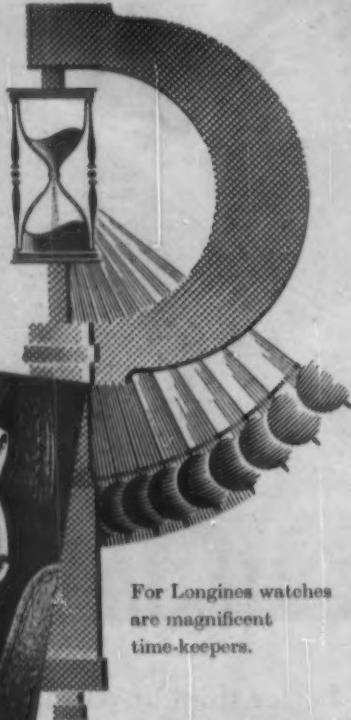
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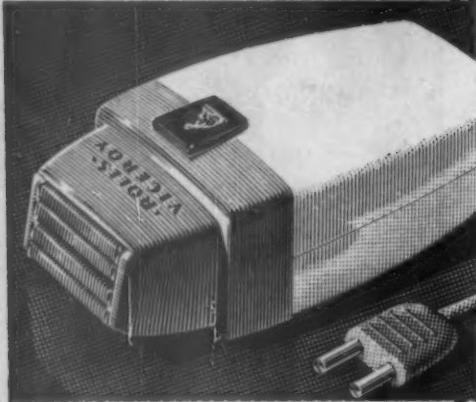
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MARIE BRIZARD



CREME DE CACAO

The Gorgeous Flavour
of the Tropics

ALEXANDER COCKTAIL

1/3 Crème Cacao,
1/3 dry Gin,
1/3 fresh cream.



APRY

The Soul of the
Apricot

PARADISE

1/3 Apry Brizard,
2/3 Dry Gin.



BLACKBERRY

A VELVETY
RICH FRUIT
LIQUEUR



ANISETTE



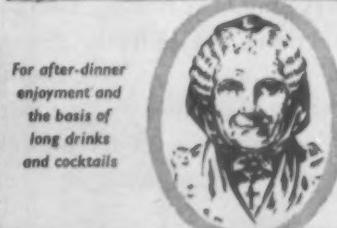
WITH WATER
You feel thirsty after good exercise. Four two fingers of Anisette or Crème de Menthe Brizard in a large glass and fill up to the top with iced water. This is a really refreshing drink.



FRAPPÉE
The weather outside is warm and you want to cool yourself together with your friends? Put two ice-blocks in a brandy glass and pour Anisette or Crème de Menthe until you cover them up. You will see how pleasant and comforting it is.



CREME DE MENTHE



For after-dinner
enjoyment and
the basis of
long drinks
and cocktails

The House of

MARIE BRIZARD

this year
celebrate their
200TH ANNIVERSARY

MARIE BRIZARD

Are you a Mackeson type?

"Mermaids and missuses, masters and mariners,

men and their mothers-in-law, messmates and ME — we're all Mackeson types. It comes of having tried Mackeson, and *tasting the difference*. As hard to put into words as the difference between 'starboard' and 'larboard.' Sort of slight, but very real. Have one now. It'll keep you on an even keel."



*Matelot setting course
for a Mackeson*



TRY IT—AND TASTE THE DIFFERENCE!

Mackeson is a stout with a unique smoothness (and it is a strong stout). All who try Mackeson know this — and feel all the better for it. And every bottle of Mackeson has been brewed to ensure that this wonderful quality comes to your palate in perfect condition, wherever, whenever you drink it.



**A
TIFFEE
for
Christmas**

Here's a gift to be warmly remembered by! Throughout the years to come, the lucky Tiffie owner can have tea in bed automatically every morning at the flick of a switch! And for busy elevenses or lazy TV evenings, the Tiffie is ideal.

Hawkins

TIFFEE Amazing value at 97/-

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A sherry that is sheer delight

A perfect gift to the most critical palate, Pintail is an exceptionally fine sherry, both pale and beautifully dry. Specially selected at Jerez, this proud product of Spain is available in a trial pack of two bottles at 42/7d.; subsequent supplies at £12 per dozen bottles. Your orders will have prompt attention.

Pintail



SHERRY

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON LTD., PERTH, SCOTLAND

Established 1833



I've never slept so comfortably...



My wife is always on the lookout for
a good thing. That's why she bought
these pyjamas containing 'Ardil'★.

They're the smoothest,
softest pair I've ever had
—never irritate my skin.
They're warm, absorbent,
lightweight, too, so I
can wear them winter and
summer with superb comfort.
If you're buying pyjamas,
be wise, like my wife,
and choose a pair that
contain 'Ardil'. You won't
find them expensive.

'Ardil'

is warm, absorbent
and completely non-irritant

★ 'Ardil' is the man-made protein fibre—soft as cashmere, smooth as silk, warm and absorbent as wool. (It's moth-resistant, too). Blended with other fibres, it gives clothes the unmistakable touch of luxury—at prices you can afford.

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better drink



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vermouth

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Continental Manner

- A glass of Martini Dry Vermouth,
- well chilled and with a twist of
- lemon peel makes the perfect
- aperitif before lunch or dinner.
- (*In a bar ask for*
- '*A Dry Martini Vermouth*')



CHAMPION OF THE 24-HOUR DAY



MR. G. H. COPE, Resident Clerk, P & O Steam Navigation Company

AT 5.30 sharp most people go home — but not Mr. Cope. He clears his desk-top and collects his briefing for the night's vigil, three floors above the pavement in the City of London. Necessary? Absolutely — from six at night to nine in the morning Mr. Cope is the sole human link between home and the ships that pass in the night. His 'phone rings. His teleprinter chatters. If routine work is completed by ten o'clock he can go to bed. But he sleeps with both ears open. A ship leaves port to ride out a typhoon in the China Sea — Mr. Cope is the first to know. Another ship stands-by to accept a sick person from a small tanker — the 'phone by the bed brings the news.

At six in the morning Mr. Cope is up again putting the night's business in order. At 9.30 sharp he is back at his desk. Exacting work Mr. Cope? Of course, but you are a Resident Clerk in the P & O Company, with extra holidays and pay. You know that without men like yourself we couldn't sail our ships — and P & O ships are a Commonwealth lifeline.

*Operating from 128 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3,
the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation
Company links Britain and Britons with the
Mediterranean, Egypt, Pakistan, India, Ceylon,
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with D.P. Switch and washable cover

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DO NOT SLEEP WITH LIVE WIRES
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*Ask for details of complete medical and domestic range
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... yes we'll present them with a Prestons Swiss Chronograph—a 17 jewel lever, water-protected, shock-protected, anti-magnetic, fully guaranteed, precision wrist watch, with step-watch action, that has many other uses, ideally suited to those in Industry, both at work and leisure. Suitably engraved, it is a very acceptable tax-free, extra bonus, which is a worthy expression of a Board's goodwill."

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Dependent upon voluntary gifts, without State aid, the Fund is under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England. In addition to the continuous and systematic research in up-to-date laboratories at Mill Hill, London, the work is being extended in new laboratories at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Gifts should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S., at Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

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Home comfort

Home is where the grocer delivers, where you can hear your letters come in through your own front door, where you can have your friends in for drinks or meals. Park West consists of 600 such homes, pleasantly furnished service apartments, some small, some bigger, some big—family size—all with kitchen, fridge, bath, constant hot water, central heating, radio, telephone and complete linen, cutlery, cooking pans and crockery—everything from towels to telephone directories, iron and ironing board to writing paper. Including maid-service for cleaning, bed-making, shoe-polishing, tidying. Below stairs: restaurant, snack bar and club bar; garage, squash courts and a big heated swimming pool. You can book for a night (37/- single), a week or a month. May we send you our brochure—a conducted tour in photographs? Why not come and look round next time you're near?



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Rum is a magic drink.
Whatever the circumstance,
Gold Label will impart
its blessing. If you're
HOT, try it in iced coffee.
Or COLD? Hot Lemon
and "two fingers"
of Gold Label will be
the answer. SAD? Then
Rum will evolve a philosophy
to dispel your gloom. But,
happiest of all, if you're GLAD, Gold
Label Rum will rejoice with you, making
"good" even better.



COLD



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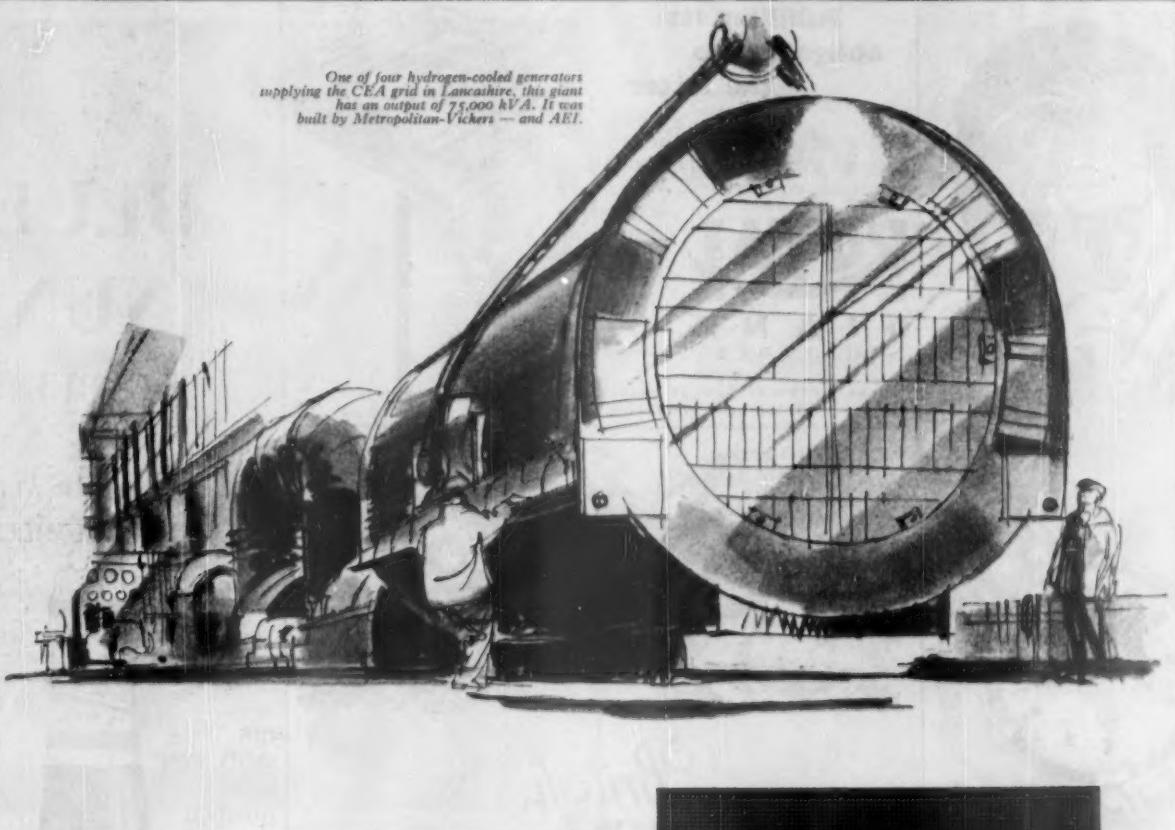
of your feet

IF IT SHRINKS



WE REPLACE

One of four hydrogen-cooled generators supplying the CEA grid in Lancashire, this giant has an output of 75,000 kVA. It was built by Metropolitan-Vickers — and AEI.



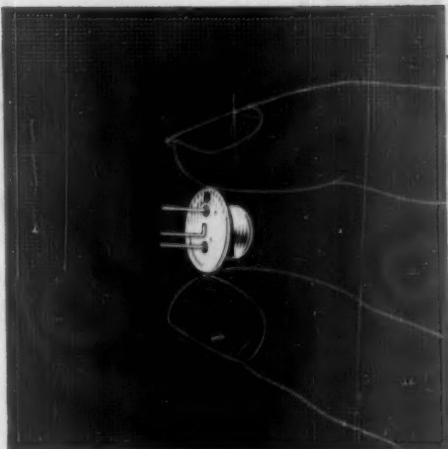
A transistor like this — the smallest kind of valve — may be used in a deaf-aid, or in equipment that controls whole industrial plants. They are made by British Thomson-Houston — and AEI.

LARGE & SMALL

Electrical equipment may weigh hundreds of tons or but a fraction of an ounce. This turbo-alternator is part of an installation which covers an acre of ground, the tiny transistor barely a thumbnail. Both are made by A.E.I. companies. Associated Electrical Industries is a practical partnership of great firms collaborating in research and economy of manufacture.

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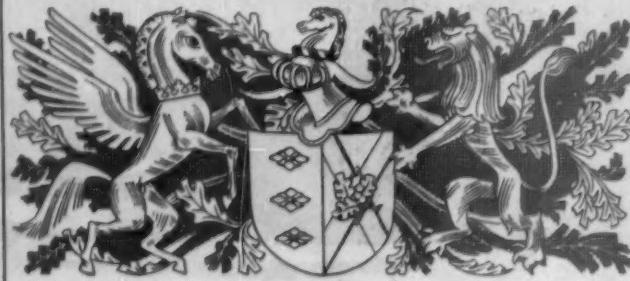


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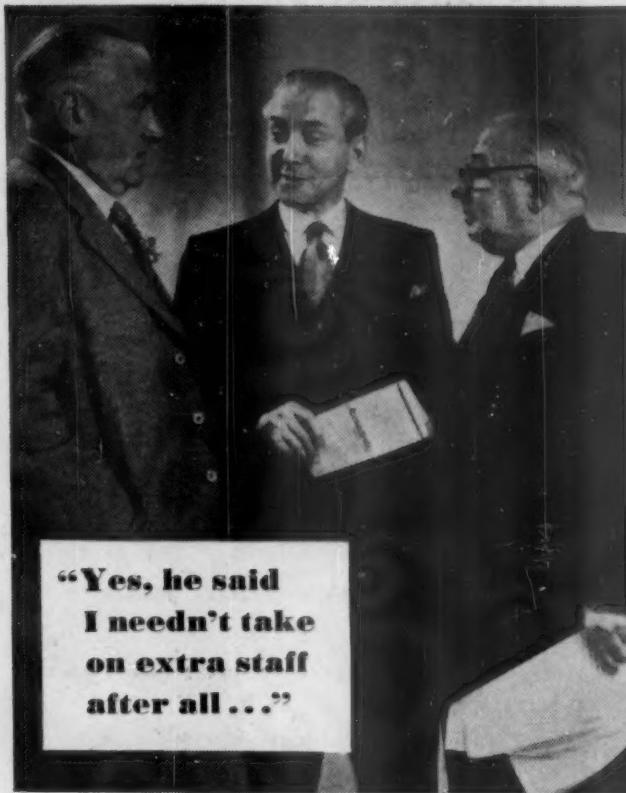
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I needn't take
on extra staff
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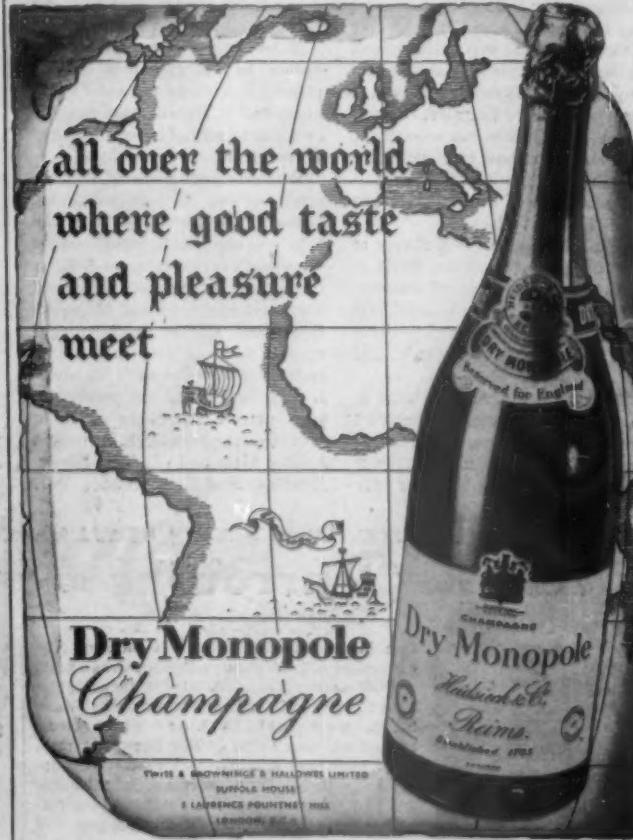
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